

Common Ground

Those Gringos!—Malcolm Ross

NOEL McMAHON Gertrude S. Cleary

THE SPARTAN GREEKS OF BRIDGETOWN

J. Mayone Stycos

KIDNAPPED BY A DREAM Isabel Currier

THE SANCTUM OF HARMONIOUS SPRING

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ONE WORLD KID Beatrice Griffith

INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION AND THE

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS Robert U. Jameson

— *and others* —

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To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

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THOSE GRINGOS!

MALCOLM ROSS

IN THE Copper Queen Mine at Bisbee, Arizona, where I worked a long time ago as a mucker, one steady amusement underground was the feud between the Cornishmen and the Welshmen. Why they should fight with each other eleven hundred feet deep in the earth of a foreign country five thousand miles from home was never made clear. There was no creed involved nor economic advantage, nor any other visible chip on shoulder.

A squat, mustached firebrand of a Cornishman was a car pusher, partner of mine for a time. We would each put a shoulder to the end of a loaded gondola, free hand holding an acetylene lamp, and down the drift we heaved her to the switch where the donkey engine waited. On one trip we made exceptional speed, the result, I found at the finish, of my having held the flame of my lamp on the seat of my partner's pants. He rubbed his rear and roared. I deserved to be socked for my stupidity, but a quid of tobacco settled accounts. He sat in a pool of blue copper sulphate water to cool off, and I queried him about Welshmen. If a Welshman had held a lamp to his pants, would he have fought? Sure. Why? Because the man would have been a Welshman and so would have had to be licked.

This was pure tribal hostility of a high order, the essence of the paler variety which makes the Dodgers good sports copy or Los Angeles a by-word in San Francisco.

American, Welsh, Cornish, or what not, we underground miners were a clan all our own. We were Anglos in so far as the Mexican miners were concerned. They were not allowed to work underground. The Mexican's stint was to blast and load on the open hillside, where rock slides killed or maimed several of them to every one of us Anglos. Curiously, the danger of the work was in inverse proportion to the wages. My daily rate as a novice mucker topped that of skilled Mexican miners who had worked in the dangerous trade for years.

It was not easy to know whether a man was a Mexican national or an American citizen of Mexican origin. Both were there, but we Anglos never mixed with either in Bisbee. The only ones with whom I had even a nodding acquaintance were in the saloons of Naco across the Border, where everybody grinned, chinked glasses, and pledged each other in strange tongues. Bisbee itself kept us apart, we Anglos in the boarding houses and cabins on the hill slope, the Mexicans in their quarters up Brewery Gulch, where the flash floods occasionally crumpled huts.

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The Mexicans meant no more to the real miners than they did to me, a kid fooling around after college. There was no union in the mines then. Each man lived to himself. The fact that there are a couple of million Americans of Mexican origin living among us as second-class citizens never occurred to me until many years after I had missed the chance in Bisbee to know some of them at close range.

Anglo city dwellers, even in a city such as Los Angeles with its three hundred thousand Latin American population, live their own lives, in their own part of town, without much concern about their local "foreign" quarter. Excitement over a zoot-suit riot flares and dies. Politicians cultivate Latin American counterparts at election time. Hospitable citizens take visiting friends for luncheon in a little Mexican side street rigged up with adobe stalls, painted earthenware, scarlet peppers, and Mexican cooking *al fresco*. It is pleasant to sit and listen to foreign patter and to let the sun step up the hot fragrance of Mexican dishes. But let it stop there. Do not offend your nose with the smell of poverty in ten-thousand hovels behind this show place. Do not spoil the foreign atmosphere with sudden realization that these are American citizens, children of the City of Angels, whose darker skins condemn them to the short end of the stick in politics, law, wages, and common courtesy.

II

It was not always so. These second-class citizens are kinfolk of the adventurers who named Los Angeles, Santa Fe, San Diego, and San Antonio. It used to be the Anglo who stepped deferentially into the cool patio of the Latin, and who reckoned the stages of his ride north by the asylum he could find at the monastery cloisters.

How in a hundred years did the Anglo of the Southwest learn to paraphrase the

southern doctrine for Negroes into: "All Mexican Americans shall be subservient to all Anglo Americans"? This rule of conduct the Anglo has learned very thoroughly, from his press, his white schools, and even from churches where God speaks Spanish only in the last three pews.

When President Roosevelt and President Camacho of Mexico met in the spring of 1943, the Houston Post celebrated the event with the following editorial:

"As for the San Jacinto day association, the two Presidents may feel that the anniversary of the battle in which Texas licked Mexico is a delicate subject for comment at a time when the two countries are fighting together. However, if Winston Churchill or Anthony Eden should land in America on the Fourth of July and meet the President, we imagine they would say something about our Declaration of Independence which led to our whipping England. While President Roosevelt visited San Jacinto battleground in 1936, the Centennial year of the fight, it is conceivable that neither he nor Camacho recalled the battle in their conversation Wednesday. But a Texan cannot help but feel that they might have taken cognizance of the great occasion."

This is an historical gap which needs to be filled, and I propose to fill it in the manner in which the editorial writer evidently supposes the conversation should have run:

Roosevelt: Well, here we are, Camacho, right on the very spot where the Texans licked hell out of the Mexicans. Pretty place, too.

Camacho: Yes, Mr. President, begging your pardon, sir, it is a pretty place. . . . Now maybe can't we let bygones be bygones?

Roosevelt: Santa Ana was a scurrilous cur.

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Camacho: He was a very bad man, but. . . .

Roosevelt: Bad, Camacho? Do you remember the Alamo?

Camacho: Oh, yes, Mr. President! We are never allowed to forget it. But Mexico is now your ally. We are fighting side by side.

Roosevelt: About time, too. Not that we need you. We Texans whipped you, we whipped England, we can whip Germany single-handed, we can whip the United States—wait a minute, where am I?

This stirring dialogue, otherwise appropriate to the heads of two friendly countries, has the one flaw that it supposes Roosevelt and Camacho as ignorant of Texas history as the editorial writer on the Houston Post.

Carved on the walls of the battle monument at San Jacinto, by Texans more ready to acknowledge a debt, is this inscription: "The early policies of Mexico toward the Texas colonists had been extremely liberal. Large grants of land were made to them, and no taxes or duties imposed. The relationships between the Anglo Americans and the Mexicans were cordial."

Covered wagons from Ohio brought the first Anglos to San Antonio. The old Spanish town welcomed this first wave of emigrants and the many more who kept rolling across the prairies, eventually patrolled by riders in United States Cavalry blue. The revolt against Santa Ana was a joint one of Texas Mexicans and Texas Anglos. It originally started as a rebellion of Mexicans who wanted a return to the liberal Constitution of 1824. Only after Santa Ana, "the Napoleon of the West," had crushed these Mexican patriots did he tackle the like-minded patriots of Texas. There he found Mexicans among the Texan dead on the bloody floor of the Alamo, and later felt

the steel of an all-Mexican troop in the battle of San Jacinto. The names of martyred Mexicans are there on the walls of the Alamo and on the battle monument of San Jacinto, side by side with Texan brothers, exactly as they appeared during World War II in the daily casualty lists of every Texas newspaper.

As for its Anglo fighters, the army of Texas liberation was made up of men from such well-known Texas counties as Kentucky, Arkansas, Alabama, Michigan, North Carolina, Massachusetts, England, Ireland, Scotland, and a few more up in the Panhandle too trifling to mention.

Most Texas drugstore and hotel clerks have listened more to Statehood Week oratory than to the quieter voice of history. They are continually infuriating Mexican consuls and South American notables by giving them the same bum's rush they daily extend to Mexican shrimp shuckers and migrant farmhands. The latter, in point of fact, probably have sharper appetites to be disappointed than do visiting diplomats.

One of these cola-counter patriots in the spring of 1946 refused service to a Mexican American in uniform. In the fracas, the soldier was delayed in arriving at a luncheon given to celebrate his decoration by the President of the United States with the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Our bad manners toward Latins began in the 19th century when we began to import tens of thousands of Mexican peons to ballast railroad tracks, mine copper, chop cotton, pick beets, and shuck pecans at four cents an hour upward, but not very far upward. The rippling profits from these operations have long since crossed the broad pool of American wealth and disappeared. The peons remain here, and remain peons. They keep coming. During the war, 50,000 Mexican workers were loaned to us

to help fill our labor shortage, on condition they would return after the war. But, in addition, there was the regular flow of "wet Mexicans," those who swim the Rio Grande and vanish into the human stream of migrants bound for San Fernando and Denver. In the winter they come "home" for three months in Texas, Americans now by census count.

Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio has his residence in an open field on the Mexican side of town. His neighbors like him well enough to cross that difficult gulf between their hovels and the elegance of a clerical establishment. The Archbishop is an alert and vigorous man with a highly unclerical lack of reticence in secular affairs. He lectures businessmen (bulwark of his Archbishopric) for paying miserable wages to Latin American workers. He sends telegrams to Congressmen, and daily persuades the meek that they will inherit Heaven just as easily on ten cents an hour more.

"How hard would an Irishman work if you paid him twenty cents an hour?" Archbishop Lucey asked a 1943 gathering. "How much exuberance, vitality, and enthusiasm could any people show who had been underpaid, undernourished, and badly housed for half a century? If the Mexican is sometimes not a good American, what can you expect from a man who during all his life was socially ostracized, deprived of civil rights, politically debased, and condemned to economic servitude?"

This fiery talk comes from a man angry at the fact that nearly 10,000 Spanish American children of grammar-school age in his Archdiocese are not enrolled in any school. In his gentler moods the Archbishop can regret that Anglo Texans are deprived of the music and laughter, the art and culture of a people they do not care to meet.

Archbishop Lucey is only one of many in Texas who work hard at improving the relationships between Anglos and Mexican Americans. The state officially works at it through its Good Neighbor Commission, established by Governor Coke Stevenson in 1943. The University of Texas at Austin has for years been seeking the cure within Texas of the displays of prejudice which so offend the pride of the nation with which the state shares hundreds of miles of common boundary.

These Texan gestures of friendliness are well reported in Mexican newspapers; the people south of the border know a great deal about Texas. They respond warmly to any show of friendliness. I have before me a copy of *Hemisfero*, published in Mexico City in Spanish and English and designed to report how things are going with the neighbor to the north. There is a picture of Sumner Welles. He is described as "revered by all Latin American peoples," and the quotation chosen to accompany this praise was Welles' statement that "humiliating and wounding discriminations . . . created lasting resentments which no eloquent speeches by government officials, or governmental policies, however wise, can hope to remove."

Sharing honors with Welles in *Hemisfero* is a picture of Jack Danciger. He is a prosperous oil man, but that is not why the Government of Mexico has made him its Honorary Consul at Fort Worth, nor why *Hemisfero* suggests that the insignia of the Aztec Eagle should adorn his bosom. Jack Danciger spoke only Spanish during his New Mexican boyhood. He maintains an office in Fort Worth where Mexican Americans bring their troubles, and his lawyer is available to take likely cases to the courts. He gets offers of aid, signed "Tom," from his fellow-Texan, Attorney General Tom Clark. He likes to give advice to Amer-

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ican tourists of how not to throw your weight around below the Border.

The G.I.'s who came back to finish up at the University of Texas take a dim view of discrimination against fellow G.I.'s of Spanish ancestry. Editorials in the college paper have blasted those Austin landladies who have turned them away from their rooming houses.

III

Texans are working at this thing—and why should a damyankee put in his oar to say how it might be helped along?

There is a key to this door, I brashly think—a key which may have been overlooked in the attempt to crawl under the door or knock it down. It is this: Social discrimination is strongest where there is a large body of Mexican Americans working at wages less than Anglo workers will accept.

Not a new or profound statement, but let's see how it applies to Texas' problem.

All the efforts to stop social discrimination end in surface cures. Remove a sign "Mexicans Will Not Be Served Inside" and you will get "Mexicans Will Be Served in the Kitchen Only." You may persuade the city fathers to take down "This Park Is for Whites, Mexicans Keep Out," but the chances are that an unwritten sign will still reserve all the park benches for Anglos. Decide not to huddle sixty Mexican American children in a small frame shack under one low-paid teacher. Those who are admitted to a "white" school will still have separate classes, separate drinking fountains, and be allowed to play in the school yard only when the Anglo children are through with it.

These practices run in well-worn channels. The Good Neighbor Commission can correct abuses, but the mere doing of that will not change opinions. Jack Danziger can fight a few cases successfully in

the courts. Texas could in one sweep abolish discrimination in restaurants, swimming pools, residential districts, and schools; many of the old habits would still persist. The change must come from within the people themselves. The surest way to effect that, it seems to me, is through the conventions which make people accepted—the conventions of being affable, neat, assured, clean, healthy. A babbitty standard? Sure, but it works.

Texans are used to seeing Mexicans in old clothes, old jalopies, earth-floored shacks, and menial jobs. The only basic cure is to see them in decent clothes and clean houses, walking with heads erect and without either the abject or angry eyes which poverty inspires. Skilled jobs, good wages, and money in the bank are powerful ways of winning neighborly respect. Pedro and Juan will see the signs taken down in restaurant windows only when their pay envelopes match the Anglo's for equal work—maybe not until a generation of such pay envelopes have put enough meat on their kids to resist tuberculosis, inspired them to learn English, and let them laugh with Anglos without feeling self-conscious.

The Mexican Americans have the beginnings of that economic strength which is their surest hope, as the Texas Good Neighbor Commission should know. For it owes its existence to the refusal of the Mexican Government to send workers into Texas until something should be done about discrimination. In the first report of its investigation, the Commission heard some cold facts on how bad manners toward Mexicans can affect Anglo pocketbooks.

At Lubbock, the report said, seven thousand immigrant field hands, come to pick the cotton, spent \$13,000 in the town's business places over one weekend. So far, score the Anglo with a nice profit. But here is how it works on the debit

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side, as told in the Good Neighbor Commission's report:

"There is no place provided where they may park their trucks, take a bath, change their clothes, even go to the toilet. . . .

"The result is that the laborers come into the nearest big town on Saturday, having had no facilities on the farms for bathing. Naturally, they are dirty, and because there are no facilities available to them in the towns, they remain dirty, and are refused entrance into or service in public places. . . .

"A certain farmer in Hockley County, who lived near the town of Ropesville, was badly in need of a large crew of pickers. The farmer contacted this agent, and late one evening the agent took a crew leader and two or three laborers out to the farm from Levelland. They found a good crop of cotton, acceptable housing, agreed on a price, and the crew promised to come out from Levelland to work the next day. On the return trip, passing through Ropesville, the agent and the laborers stopped at the only cafe in the town that was open. It was about eight o'clock on a cold night and they wanted a cup of coffee. There was no one else in the cafe. The owner came up and said: 'What do you want?' The agent replied: 'I want a cup of coffee. I don't know what the other boys want. They may want sandwiches.' The owner said: 'I don't serve Mexicans.' The agent said: 'Well, now, these boys have come out here to help the farmers harvest their crops. They have just agreed to come out tomorrow to work for Mr. So-and-So. I don't see anything so elegant about your cafe, and I don't see why you can't serve us a cup of coffee.' The owner said: 'I'll serve you, but I don't serve Mexicans.' The agent said: 'No, you can't serve me either,' and they walked out. Naturally, the laborers were angry, and the result was that they

did not return to the farm the next day, and the farmer failed to have his crop picked."

There were other stories, such as that of the constable who flagged down all trucks and told the migrants to keep on moving through town under threat of arrest. The report comments:

"They didn't even stop in Howard County, and the farmers who had their cotton picked in Howard County were very few indeed. . . . On this trip we passed hundreds and hundreds of acres of cotton that have never been touched, and never would be touched. . . . The farmers realized that the position of the migrant must be recognized with tangible improvements. . . . Of the one million persons of Mexican extraction in Texas, eighty per cent are citizens of the United States, most of them citizens by birth. They are our people, and their problems are our problems. We must solve them, not for the benefit of the Mexican Government, but for our own benefit."

Here is a good, round, forthright admission that cotton drying on the stalk costs more than decent accommodations for the migrant workers. The offended migrants could move on. They had something of value to withhold. In doing so they took the first step in improving the manners of their Anglo fellow citizens.

The FEPC Regional Director for Texas, Dr. Carlos E. Castaneda, came on loan from the University of Texas, to whose faculty he has now returned. He is a naturalized citizen, born in Mexico. In the college and capital town of Austin he walks the streets as free from insult as any man. His complexion happens to be fair. He travels anywhere in the Southwest without embarrassment, but many of his friends of Spanish descent—lawyers, businessmen, Mexican consuls—have been turned away from public doors. They do not like it. They get

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angry, write letters, form committees. With one accord they came to its support when Dr. Castaneda opened an FEPC office in Texas, and this letter tells why. It was written in appreciation of Dr. Castaneda's work by a San Antonio lawyer, Alonso S. Perales:

"Before the Committee came into being, Latin Americans were grossly and unjustly discriminated against in Government camps and in shops and factories doing work for our Federal Government. They did not receive the same pay received by Anglo Americans for the same kind of work, and they were not given any promotions, and as far as a Latin American becoming a foreman or supervisor, that was out of the question. All that has changed considerably, thank the Lord. We thank God that He gave our President Roosevelt the courage to come right out and order that such discrimination cease. If all of us Americans thought and acted like President Roosevelt on this particular question, we would be in a much better position nationally and internationally. Then we would have not only an absolutely united America (U.S.A.), but real Pan-American solidarity."

Why this fervent thanks to his Maker because a few Mexican Americans got a raise in pay? Perales is well enough off. What is it to him—to Castaneda, Galarza or Senator Chavez? Why should Archbishop Lucey declaim about a ten-cent-an-hour raise as though it was an article of salvation?

Each sees, I think, the link between the pay envelope and human dignity. I attended a dinner in San Antonio where the guests of honor were four Mexican Americans whose pay had been raised to match the work they were doing. The dollars involved were few, the spur to their pride enormous. They were accepted; skilled workers among Anglo

skilled workers. A man could go on from there.

The prosperous San Antonio Mexican Americans who staged this dinner for the four upgraded workers themselves made speeches celebrating the triumph. I have forgotten the texts, but this impression sticks: Their group interest was strong because their personal interests were deeply involved. Their tidy bank balances, their pleasant homes, their confidence in their own abilities could not make them fully citizens of the United States so long as the great mass of Mexican Americans were set apart and kept in squalor.

This is a valid motive. It is not peculiar to Latins or Anglos. The hope for personal security and peace of mind may very well underlie most of the efforts which men make to better living conditions of people whom they do not personally know and whose miseries they do not share. It may have moved Teddy Roosevelt to swing his Big Stick, as it probably did his distant cousin Franklin.

To scoffers it is "do-goodism"; yet it is dangerous to swing that generality by the tail. The Texas cotton planter who puts in showers and toilets and pays a higher wage than his neighbor in order to get his cotton picked is buying personal security and peace of mind. The old do-gooder! When the British, miserable in their 1947 blizzards, shared coal and food with Germany, they were buying (or hoped they were) security against having their sons killed in battle twenty years hence.

A Mississippi friend told me, with a gleam in his eye, that the planters of that state during the postwar decade will solve their Negro problem by putting skillful Negroes on tractors, flame cultivators, and mechanical cotton pickers. These Negroes will be well paid. The other two-

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thirds of the Negro field hands will have to go elsewhere to find work, probably in the North. There was no malice in his mind. He is a man who worries about the poverty of the Negroes of Mississippi. He had taken the rap of listening to outside criticism and had borne the strain of being a conscientious man in a homeland where civil rights are denied. It would give him a sense of personal security and peace of mind to know that those Negroes who might remain in Mississippi would be well fed, well clothed, well housed. It may be forgiven him if his eye lighted at the thought that it would be the Yankees to whom the unneeded Mississippi Negroes might flee for food, clothing, and shelter.

IV

The hourly wage rate is a pretty good index of how things stand in racial relations. I have tried to illustrate what seemingly remote reactions are caused by it in the case of Mexican Americans. If the thesis holds for them, it is equally true for Negro workers.

Frank P. Graham, President of the University of North Carolina and during the war a public Member of the War Labor Board, wrote the Southport Petroleum decision, the one which abolished the distinction between "colored laborer" and "white laborer" and reclassified both simply as "laborers" with the same rates of pay for all who do the same work. Literally applied, that decision would reshape the southern economy. It was only a wartime decision, no longer having authority. Its interest now lies in the mental processes of a great Southerner. I do not know Frank Graham's inner motives, any more than I know (except by deduction) the minds of those others I have cited as coming to the aid of the ill-used out of their own compulsion to build a world in which their hearts and

minds can be at peace. I do assert, though, that Frank Graham's Southport Petroleum opinion is logical in its statement of what tremendous issues hang on so simple a thing as paying a man fairly for work done.

"The world," he wrote, "has given America the vigor and variety of its differences. America should protect and enrich its differences for the sake of America and the world. Understanding religious and racial differences makes for a better understanding of other differences and for an appreciation of the sacredness of human personality, as a basis to human freedom. The American answer to differences in color and creed is not a concentration camp but cooperation. The answer to human error is not terror but light and liberty under the moral law. By this light and liberty, the Negro has made a contribution in work and faith, song and story, laughter and struggle which are an enduring part of the spiritual heritage of America. . . .

"Whether as vigorous fighting men or for production of food and munitions, America needs the Negro; the Negro needs the equal opportunity to work and fight. The Negro is necessary for winning the war, and, at the same time, is a test of our sincerity in the cause for which we are fighting. More hundreds of millions of colored people are involved in the outcome of this war than the combined populations of the Axis Powers. Under Hitler and his Master Race, their movement is backward to slavery and despair. In America, the colored people have the freedom to struggle for freedom, hope, equality of opportunity and the gradual fulfilment for all peoples of the noblest aspirations of the brothers of men and the sons of God, without regard to color or creed, religion or race, in the world neighborhood of human brotherhood."

V

In the New York Times in the spring of 1947, Hanson W. Baldwin, ordinarily a staid military analyst, moved to metaphor by the importance of what he had to say, wrote: "Heavy are the responsibilities of power, and never heavier than in this age of dissolution and decay of old values and the emergence from the dust of dead empires of a new world order.

"Today, the torrent of history is seeking a new channel. The forces of the surging waters are conflicting and convulsive, roiled and troubled; they tear at the dam of the past and undermine the ramparts of tradition.

"They will not be stayed but they can be guided. The United States today lies squarely in the stream of history; it can guide that stream or be swept away by it. The new is inevitable; change is certain, but that change can be either malevolent or salutary. The United States, far more than any other single factor, is the key to the destiny of tomorrow; we alone may be able to avert the decline of Western civilization, and a reversion to nihilism and the Dark Ages."

There are many ways to win or lose that opportunity. My neighbor, Edward C. Acheson, is a professor of monetary theory and naturally supposes that the interest rate is the key to the door of destiny. The United States really assumed responsibility in 1914 when the British pound gave way in world trade to the American dollar. Today the lowering of a decimal on the interest rate of that mighty dollar can move ships, feed the hungry, start dynamos, support political policies. All this is persuasive to a layman, especially since my learned neighbor underlines his fiduciary jargon with the idea of the moral responsibility which goes with the power to make and break

nations. From 1919 to 1928, we supported Europe by loans, then—as whimsically as a father cutting off the allowance on which his son had come to rely—we started a run on the treasuries of Europe by demanding repayment all at once. That we collapsed ourselves in the following year is the moral kicker to the story.

Congress, too, is the keeper of keys to the doors of destiny. A loan to Britain, raising the immigration quota, withdrawal from China, instructions to our U.N. delegates—every direct move is at once a practical step in our world stewardship and a measure of our moral stature. Uncle Sam, as trustee for the world's widows, has to show himself a very upright gent.

Interest rates are specific. An international loan is so many dollars and no more. But how shall we measure the practical effects of so nebulous a thing as respect for other races and religions?

Let's have a look at the possible impact of intolerance on world affairs.

We have Senator Austin's word for it that world security rests on the "oaken beam" of Western Hemisphere solidarity. The best way to attain unity on this side of the world, he has suggested, is through regional pacts among the American republics. As a footnote to his remarks, President Truman in that same week in the spring of 1947 won the affection of Mexico by laying a wreath on the graves of the Cadets who died bravely at American hands in 1848.

Mr. Austin's pacts may be exactly what is needed to unite the Hemisphere in working agreements, but they will never stir the emotional fervor which Mr. Truman's simple act of friendliness sent throughout Latin America.

We need both attributes—the skill to set up security pacts, the sense to keep on good terms with the peoples who support them.

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Mexico is the bellwether for a large part of Central and South America. Her government has a special prestige as the one nearest the powerful *Americanos del Norde*. We need Mexico's friendship to make an oaken beam out of that Western Hemisphere with which Mr. Austin hopes to impress the rest of the dispirited world. Yet for decades we have treated Mexicans as though our interest lay in goading them into hating us.

God watches the sparrow's fall no more closely than governments watch over their own people in foreign lands. When Japanese slapped the faces of Britishers in Hong Kong, the Empire trembled. When an American G.I. was held by the Russians, our headlines screamed. Why then should we forget that Mexico City watches the insults offered her people above the Rio Grande?

During the war the Mexican Congress appointed a committee on discrimination, that is, on American discrimination against Mexicans. Texas was cut off the list of those states to whom Mexico sent workers to maintain roadbeds and harvest crops. That was at the peak of our war manpower shortage. It was then that Governor Stevenson appointed his Texas Good Neighbor Commission. But Mexico was not sufficiently impressed to withdraw the ban. Official Texas could not at one stroke cure the bad manners of her people. Drugstore and hotel clerks, used to tossing out anything Latin, made the mistake of insulting Mexican consuls and visiting notables from other South American countries. These incidents are remembered south of the Border.

Tolerance (good manners, absence of active prejudice, mutual respect, or whatever name you wish to give to it) has its measurable effects. New Orleans, which rests its hopes of prosperity on being the great port of entry for South American trade, may find its balance disturbed by

some witless act of an irresponsible Anglo in San Antonio or Los Angeles.

The niceties of diplomatic usage soft-pedal these incidents. But they are syndicated in the Latin American press. The people know. Those gringos!

American delegates to the United Nations have watched racial and religious issues bedevil the cause of world peace: Arab against Jew; Hindu against Mohammedan; the white nations nearly always at loggerheads with the colored. The fight for economic survival cannot alone account for the fanaticism of national positions.

Shall we shush these things—leave their solution to the gradual processes of education between nations? The lid refuses to stay shut. The brew simmers over in unexpected places. The great internationalist, General Smuts, suddenly breaks out in a quarrel with India over South Africa's treatment of Mohammedans, and in the course of it reveals that his country's views on white supremacy are a notch tighter than Mississippi's.

Shall we admit that worldwide intolerance is an incurable disease of the human spirit?

The only answer, I think, was given by Sumner Welles to Hitler. In a prewar interview, Welles received from *Der Fuehrer* the usual taunt about American treatment of Negroes in response to Welles' question on Hitler's policy toward Jews. The difference, Welles replied, lay in the fact that Nazi policy evidently favored discrimination against Jews, while American national policy was in favor of fairness toward Negroes.

One cannot wholly condemn a country which is honestly making an effort to cure its own prejudices. The Good Neighbor Policy could stand up under individual insults to South Americans if it were accepted that we as a people dislike bad manners and mean to correct them.

ONE WORLD KID

No people in the world is insensitive to affronts. We, the most polyglot and the most powerful nation in the world, have the problem of prejudice on our hands, along with all the other baggage that goes with the responsibility of power.

Malcolm Ross, former chairman of the national Fair Employment Practice Committee, gave this paper before the Phil-

adelphia session of the Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion in September. The material in the article will be incorporated into his forthcoming book on FEPC, *All Manner of Men*, to be published by Reynal and Hitchcock. Author of two previous volumes, *Machine Age in the Hills* and *Death of a Yale Man*, Mr. Ross is now at the University of Miami.

ONE WORLD KID

BEATRICE GRIFFITH

THAT afternoon we went drunk to school I was feeling fine. Feeling fine 'cause I was just 16, had a dime, and gave a penny to the Salvation Army. I hadn't felt so fine for a long time, not since I thought one day at Junior High I would be somebody. So I gave myself with respect and dressed like a Square at school, and gave everybody good manners. But nobody would believe that I wanted to make something of myself and they only laughed. And that light-skinned cholo teacher who talked real dainty Spanish, she gave me the reputation of a gangster in that school. She used to ask me, "Wild woman, what alley did you come from?" But when she saw me dressed like a Square and giving myself with respect, she couldn't believe it and laughed too. So it was no go. But I sure felt good for awhile.

Well, this noon we both walked past our vocational school, where all the schools send their bad girls, singing all the way, Jitterbug and me. Only we couldn't walk very good. The girls yelled at us from behind the board fence, so we started back. When we got to the door,

I threw my cigarette away and walked down the hall real fine. But one thing we forgot: we forgot to stop singing. So the principal came out and Jitterbug ran into one of the classrooms and sat down at a desk. But me—I walked straight into her office, I'm that dumb, and started talking. I told that principal I was going to be somebody big, real famous. But she wouldn't listen. She was only crying and calling me honey and asking me, "How could you do this to me, honey? You were my sweetheart girl. Look at the appreciation you give me."

But one thing she didn't know. It wasn't to her—it was to me and my mother I was doing it, being drunk.

I saw Jitterbug coming from the room across the hall, and the teacher talking rough to her, pushing her along the hall, and telling her, "We don't allow drunkards in this school." She was yelling loud enough for another school to hear. Jitterbug never drank before today, and now already they think she is a lost weekend. So I tried to stop talking, 'cause I remembered how fakey they are at this school. You give them the trust and they don't

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keep the truth, so everything is dirty.

The principal was telling me I was a dear sweet girl, and all that jive. And next door Jitterbug was crying and crying, asking them for the favor not to tell her mother. Jitterbug never asked any favors of anybody, only one—just to play Beat Bad Boogie and Ave Maria when she died. That's all. But those teachers would promise not to tell her mother, then would do her dirty and tell everything to the cops and her mother sure.

The principal was talking a lot of talk. "You aren't happy, are you, honey? Why do you smoke the marihuana, honey? Tell me where you got the whiskey, honey."

So I told her the truth that a drunk man bought it for us, but she believed it for a lie. Then she looked at me with those missionary eyes and gave me that long-distance embarrassment, and promised her word not to tell my mother.

That day, after school, while we was waiting for the old street car to take us home (all but Jitterbug, and the cop from Juvenile took her home), we tried to buy some ice cream cones at the drug store. But sometimes they wouldn't sell you any. Today was one of those days. We all crowded in there. I wanted to get some aspirin and went back in the store. When I heard them calling the girls, "You dirty Pachucas, get out of this store," I came up front.

"I bought some aspirin, Mister. How about a glass of water?" I asked him.

But he yelled at me, "There's a gas station across the street if you want water. We don't want you Pachucas in here. Now get out."

So I told him some bad words. "And that's for your grandmother, and your great-grandmother's mother's mother, and all their cows and goats. You don't stop to know if we are Pachucas or not, just because we dress this way."

The girls were sore. Everybody was mad, waiting outside that drug store. Mostly when the girls wait for the street-car they talk about that school and the teachers. All the troubles come out on that corner, 'cause we have to wait sometimes a long time. If the conductor sees a big bunch of us, he won't stop, so we hang around.

Fushia was sore today 'cause she got expelled from school, too. "Just 'cause there was a big commotion when Yoyo and Chonto drove by the school, they thought it was me. Always those teachers give the blame some place else. How come they aren't ever fair? They sit me in a room with a pencil and tell me, 'Now, honey, write down on that paper why you're bad.' So when I drew a picture of Joan Crawford with a big overlip, old lady Wiggins got real, real mad. Then they gave me a summons, nice and polite from the office. 'Well, dearie, that's the last. We've tried our best with you. We're simply fed up. We just can't go on. We can no longer help you,' and all that jive, she told me. But it was dirty not to hear my story."

Some of the guys drove by then and there was a lot of commotion. Simon, Wapa, and Gege all got in the car and drove away downtown. Lola scratched her name on a brick that didn't have none. "Sure those teachers should know how to help girls with their problems, not shut them out because they're hard. Remember Miss Stevanson and those teachers at Lockwood? That other special school? They'd give you chances and chances. That's why we went in there real rugged and came out all squarey, with no overlip, no short skirts, or pompadours or zombie shoes. They didn't try to control our clothes, and no teacher's-pet stuff."

Caledonia lit a cigarette and sat down on the curb. "And they didn't yell at

ONE WORLD KID

you. They were honest and equal. It's not the strictness that counts. I've sat in a lot of principals' offices for hours, with them trying to get me to take down my pompadour. But strictness and nothing else doesn't get control. Some teachers can keep you after school for hours, but couldn't make me mind, ever." She passed me a cigarette then, 'cause another



streetcar had just banged on up the street without stopping.

"Heck yes, if they expect a courteous answer they should set the example for some one to follow, and not yell like you are deaf. Remember that old teacher in Junior High who used to yell at us, 'You stupid B'7,' she'd yell. 'You blockheads.' But that day she called my mother a Mexican dumbbell was too bad for her. She was so surprised when I slapped her she just stared popeyed, while I walked down the stairs to the principal's office. That began all my trouble."

Changa bought some gum across at the grocery store and passed it around. "Sure, I remember her. Deeply, deeply in my heart, to the last inch of my heart, to the deepest part of my heart, I shall always remember that old s.o.b. How could I forget her?"

"Yeah, and Miss Stevanson never threw

it to you that you were a Mexican, and would explain all the big long words, 'cause she came out strong for work. Remember, Changa, it took me two weeks to learn to say vulgar profanity? But if you tried hard she didn't fail you. She was with respect and was fair—and those beautiful hair and eyes. Things would be different here if she was our teacher. She'd have control."

Huera let out a yell at the streetcar that almost stopped, and then it banged the bells and went on. "*Cholo Cavrone*, why doesn't he stop? I gotta get home."

I told the girls to pipe down, 'cause that old store guy would call the police if he heard so much noise, but it was no use. Everybody was talking at once.

"Why, even if Stevanson wasn't for Roosevelt, she never let a *gabacha* girl say something against him. I bet if Roosevelt was alive this school would be different. Remember the CCC's he gave us, and all those things? And remember when Roosevelt talked on the radio? Man, it was real keen—made you all warm inside, like Kate Smith singing. Let's put his name here by ours real big." Cuata and Vicki started in making a big Roosevelt name on the Coca-Cola sign, standing high on the wall. We watched to see if the drug store boss came out.

"Sure the school would be different. 'Cause Roosevelt knew our language even if he didn't speak Spanish, 'cause he knew the language the poor people talk. He knew the languages of all the people who don't speak American, and the poor people who speak American but not with rich money. We could write him and tell him about what we want in this school, and he'd do something I bet," I told them, "'cause my aunt wrote him when her house was going to be sold, and it wasn't."

"Yeah, but it's different now. With

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Roosevelt you felt safe, like inside the house when it's raining outside. Or you've just had a long drag of tea and everything is comfortable and smooth. 'Cause he would protect you, there was nothing to fear like being hungry. He knew about being hungry I guess, 'cause he gave us the NYA and hospitals and WPA and lots of other things people need when they haven't money and can't speak." Beaver picked up a piece of dirt and threw it smack in the face of the cute little blond chick in the Coca-Cola sign. "Make that name Roosevelt bigger—so everybody can see it."

I remembered what my mother said, "The only thing Roosevelt did to hurt his people was to die. If Americans could give their lives to save him, you'd have to stand in line." But I think my mother isn't so sad that my brother is dead in Germany now, 'cause Roosevelt is with him and all the dead soldiers and sailors. She says she feels more comfortable and I guess she does.

Just then a bunch of high school chicks came by and gave us those looks of theirs. They're so stuck up they probably say they're Spanish and not Mexican. But we did them nothing, not since that day they called us dirty Pachucas and we beat them up.

I sat down on the fireplug. "Come on, let's write a letter to Roosevelt like if he was still alive and tell him what we want for a school."

Changa gave me her notebook. "Sure man, that's it. Let's begin."

I began to write:

Dear President Roosevelt,

The next time one of those old dames asks what will make our school better we're going to tell them what we're telling you. But you'll probably get this letter before they ask us. So here goes!

We want to know out of that school

the things you are supposed to know in life. How to fill out papers for work. How to put money in the bank. To know about the world we're living in. Not to know nothing about nothing. To know about the stars and moon, about shorthand and penmanship and power machine, so we can sew for our kids when we have them. And how to give them the understanding.

We want lots of clubs for all of us, not only honor clubs where you have wings like angels. To know what we're reading about, how to talk with people when they say, "Did you see this and that about Europe or Russia?" and how to say back, "Oh yes. I know. And did you know this and that, about some current events?" And if we could have one period to study health about ourselves, how our organs are made, and what to do if we get sick, that would be good.

And we would like, President Roosevelt, a course in beauty—combing hair, how to fix your make-up, what style and all that. Not this professional grooming course they give us, that means cutting paper dolls out of newspapers.

In grammar school we studied about things that were so fine, all about life in other countries, like you knew about. You know, that one world business. We live in one world too—the Mexican world. But we want to go places and do things everywhere. To get out of these little grapes-of-wrath houses we live in.

But mostly, President Roosevelt, we want to know about the living of life real good.

Your friends,

THE ONE WORLD KIDS

Well, when we got the letter finished, after all the chicks had their say, we didn't know what to do with it. So I said I'd take it home. Until we decided what to do, I'd keep it.

ONE WORLD KID

About then a streetcar stopped 'cause there weren't so many of us left. Some had started walking home by now. When we piled on, scrambling for seats, Cuata and Caledonia ran to the last window. "There's Roosevelt's name—real big. *Que suavé!*"

The streetcar clanged and started up with a jerk. I saw Cuca waiting for the bus and yelled her, "Hyah Mexican! Get off the street, you Mexican."

The motorman turned around and yelled, "Sit down and shut up, you Pachucas, or get off."

I told him, "Okay, Mister, okay."

Then I told the chicks not to sass him back 'cause they'd have to wait longer for a streetcar next time.

At home I slipped in real quiet, but it was okay. My sister was over at the settlement house and my mother was out. I took the letter to Roosevelt and put it in the wooden treasure box my brother made in manual training. Everything was in that box, our baptism certificates, my brother's Purple Heart and Silver Star medals, and a letter from his officer when he died; a report card from my school when I got good marks; the old white *maquerna* ribbon from my mother's wedding.

I folded the things and put the rosary and the paper rose back on top the box, then stuck it on the shelf under the Virgin's picture. Roosevelt's letter would be okay there for awhile.

I went in the kitchen and started making *tortillas*, so as to be busy when my mother came in full of mad—if she did—if they told her from school about me. And soon she did come in. She had been crying. I knew from her face she knew. When that old dame called me in before class was over and told me I was free as the air to get a job, and that they didn't want drunks and tea smokers

there, I knew if they expelled me they'd tell my mother. And sure enough, they snitched. But I knew one thing. She wouldn't let them have the satisfaction of seeing her cry. So for them she would



have the smile that took her tears away. But she came home real sad with her sadness.

But for me there was just hell. My mother and dad got too many old-fashioned ideas. She's from another country. I'm from America and I'm not like her. With Mexican girls they want you to sit in the house like dead flies. If you tell them what the teachers say, they say the teachers don't know. And what they tell us will only get me in trouble. They think they know what is good, not the American teachers. And even if we take our parents to school to explain them, our parents don't hear. They only know from Mexico.

I remember when me and my sister

told my mother we wanted to dress neat and American, they beat us and said no, to dress like they wanted us to, in old Mexico. So after awhile it's no use. You can't have any fun, so you get your fun where you find it. Like little Cutdown said to the teacher when she asked her why she drank, "It's the only fun I have, Miss," she told her, and it's true.

My dad hadn't come home yet, so I knew I was going to get the preaching first. I'd rather they beat me silly than give me that preaching. She brings up everything since the day I was born. Gee, what a memory. She tells me I don't appreciate the facts too. But I think she doesn't know the facts for understanding. Most Mexican parents don't. 'Cause it's sure that the strictest homes have the most trouble.

But I hate my mother to be unhappy, man. She was so cute when I bought that little bank and put in some money to start for a washing machine for her. I could kill that teacher. She did real dirty telling my mother all the record about me, piling it up for one time. My mother's old and sick, and when she gets mad she gets all red and out of breath and I'm afraid for her. If anything would happen to her, I'd die.

She yelled at me, "Why do you drink? Why do you smoke those marihuana cigarettes?" and all that.

I'm asking myself the same question sometimes. I can't tell her I drink 'cause I'm scared, I'm afraid I'm going to die. That my boy friend's mother is a *bruja*, and he says she'll put a curse on me since I broke with him, 'cause if he can't win me by the good, he'll win me by the bad. I want to hide the fear inside me, like I want to hide my face when I'm drunk. But I can't tell her that; she doesn't have the understanding.

So I tell her while I make the last little tortillas, "Oh, to have some fun. You

probably did worse when you were a girl in Mexico." Real dirty I was, but real mad too. It's that way—they hurt your feelings and you get mean.

But in my heart I am crying for my mother. I don't really know what's the matter. If I did anything to my mother, I'd kill myself. All Mexican mothers got is a flock of family and too much work, that's why they're old young.

I knew my dad would beat me, so I decided to get away to Changa's house or some place before he come home. I remember how he beat me silly when he saw me on the street talking to a boy, a real decent boy. And it'd be worse now, with him calling me a dirty puta, and street lady. I couldn't stand it and wait for him to chase me out.

So when my mother went in crying to pray to the Virgin, I got my hands washed and took my coat from the closet. Some girls can't go to a friend's house if their mother knows you've got a bad reputation, no matter if you're not really bad but just do some wrong things. So, if I couldn't stay at Changa's, then some place else, or stay the night at the bus station. And tomorrow I could get work at a malt shop, or a sewing factory, or walnut place maybe.

I slipped out the door quiet, and walked in a hurry down the alley, toward town. 'Cause with me, it is to live life. You never live long, so the thing is to take life while you can make it.

Another piece on young Mexican Americans by Beatrice Griffith, "The Pachuco Patois," appeared in the Summer 1947 issue of CG. These will be part of her book on Mexican American youngsters now scheduled for spring publication by Houghton Mifflin.

The illustrations are by Miné Okubo.

LEGISLATION FOR HUMANITY

MARY K. FITZGERALD

My six-year-old brother, when he is exasperated at adult unreasonableness, says, "Oh, you human being, you!"

No matter how often we tell him what human being means, he is sure it is as effective as a "swear word." If all of us could vent our ill feelings in his harmless way or if we could even manage to accept one another on the basis of our common humanity, the long hard road toward eliminating group prejudice in the United States would be shortened. That we fail to accept one another as human beings, first and foremost, is clearly indicated in the way we choose people for jobs.

Can any good reason be found why some employers don't think Negro girls can sell silk stockings as well as white girls, or why trained Negro girls can't take dictation as well as white girls, or why a Negro can't cash somebody's check from behind a bank teller's cage? Can anyone give a good reason why it's necessary to include the questions: "Where were your parents born?" "What is your religion?" and "What is your nationality?" on application forms for jobs selling insurance?

Massachusetts was the fourth state in the Union which said "No" in answer to these questions and, after three years of study, of legislative shenanigans and overwhelming demonstrations of support by individuals and community groups, in 1946 passed a Fair Employment Practice Bill.

Three Commissioners, Mildred H. Mahoney, Elwood S. McKenney, and Abraham K. Cohen, are charged with carrying out the provisions of the Massachusetts

FEPC law. They, and a staff of less than a dozen men and women of all races and creeds, on a meager first-year budget of \$30,000, have reaffirmed the principle that all men are created equal. FEPC under their guardianship has been the teacher of a compulsory course in goodwill and brotherhood to employers and employees alike who have been involved in the complaints processed.

These complaints total 253—144 initiated by the Commission itself and 109 by private individuals. Of the total complaints heard, 200 were based on discrimination because of color, 26 because of religious creed, 10 on national origin, two on ancestry, 15 on race. As public knowledge of FEPC has increased, so has the number of cases brought to the Commission. Local councils are being formed now in several large cities in Massachusetts, primarily to make their portions of the state FEPC-conscious and work in a semi-official capacity with the Commission.

When opponents of the Fair Employment Practice Bill in Massachusetts said that you could eliminate racism from employment policies only through education, they were partly right. But they were wrong in thinking that the law itself would not provide that education in its best form—compulsory.

How the course in minority group employment problems is taught by the FEPC is well illustrated in a case recently conciliated by the Commission. An electrical manufacturing company was summoned to appear before the Commission on a complaint filed by an ex-employee who

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said he had been fired because of his color. Careful investigation revealed that he had not been fired for that reason. But, because the company representatives had the opportunity to see for the first time the gnawing, frustrating effect of racial prejudice on one of its frequent victims, they were moved to offer the man another chance to work for them.

In response to a chain store's advertisement, two girls, one white and the other Negro, applied for jobs. The white girl was hired and the Negro girl rejected. When the same store placed the same help-wanted ad in the papers again, after having refused employment to her, the Negro girl filed a complaint with the FEPC. During the conciliation process, the chain store's executive made personal contact with all his store managers and told them they were not to draw color, religious, or racial lines in employing people, but to investigate only the applicant's competence.

Education in fairmindedness is administered to employees, too. Workers in a Boston retail firm refused to share their washroom facilities with a Negro girl worker. The management succumbed to their prejudice and set up a separate washroom for the colored girl. She promptly filed a complaint with the Commission. The Jim Crow washroom was abolished, and the employees given a talk by a member of the FEPC staff.

A young Negro, well educated in chemistry, complained that a chemical manufacturing firm had rejected him for employment because of his color. The president of the company, before the Commission, explained that the other candidate for the job, who happened to be white, had more experience, and on this basis had been hired. Commission investigation proved his statement true.

"But," said the FEPC to the executive, "how can members of minority groups

obtain experience unless they are given chances at jobs?"

The employer in this case had never before considered minority groups and their battle against prejudice in employment policies. He thought the question asked by the Commission a reasonable one and he offered the young Negro a job in his company which would provide ample opportunities for him to advance in his chosen profession. Not only did the executive offer a job himself, but he also promised to canvass his acquaintances in the chemical manufacturing field to see if there might be other and better jobs for the young chemist.

When an FEPC investigator came to see him and look into a complaint lodged against his company, a Boston businessman who hired his employees by the season was very much disturbed.

"I just want the answer to one question, Commissioner," he said crisply. "Do you feel sincerely that this man believes he was rejected for a job only because of his color?"

"I do," said the investigator.

"Well, send him to me in the morning. I'll give him a job. I don't want my company even suspected of racial discrimination."

If there had been no FEPC, goodwill on the part of employers like this one would never have come to light. Although organized industry had warned against FEPC by saying that industry would be driven from the state if the legislation were enacted, there has been no trend of business away from Massachusetts on this account. More than 500 requests came direct to the Commission from businessmen seeking information on how they could make their employment policies consonant with the law. The Associated Industries of Massachusetts voluntarily distributed leaflets about the law to its 1,750 members. The general coun-

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sel for AIM said recently that the act had been carried out "without putting any undue burden on industry." One Boston insurance firm, after a case against them had been conciliated, wrote the FEPC that they appreciated the "kind and intelligent" handling of their case.

This legislation for humanity has opened the employment door wider to people who have had it shut in their faces for too long. After the case against the insurance company had been settled, there was a noticeable trend among other insurance companies in the city of Boston toward hiring Negroes for jobs never before filled by them. While no one can say yet that there is a widespread revision of prejudicial employment practices in white-collar jobs, there are steps being taken in that direction: two large Boston banks hired Negro girls as bookkeepers, another bank hired a Negro as clerk, two Negro accountants were added to the staff of a trust company, and two architectural firms hired Negroes. A well-known Boston department store, after having a case against them conciliated, has revised its employment policy and will accept Negro girls for its sales force. Other department stores in the city have done the same.

Ever since its vigil over unfair employment practices began, the Commission has scoured the help-wanted columns in newspapers for prejudicial advertising. Many of the 144 cases initiated by the Commission were taken from these help-wanted columns. In each instance a Commissioner met with the employer responsible for the racially prejudiced advertising and pointed out why it was not only unlawful but undesirable.

Two meetings were held by the Commission with newspaper advertising executives—one with the Massachusetts Press Association (representing all the weeklies and smaller dailies in the state)

and the other with advertising managers of all the Boston metropolitan dailies. These men agreed to instruct their departments not to accept ads containing references to race or religion and promised to screen all material submitted to help-wanted columns. The conferences bore fruit. Today racially discriminatory help-wanted ads have fallen off to the point of being negligible.

Labor unions are a source of information about employment policies in specific industries which is just being tapped by the Massachusetts FEPC. A survey is being conducted of all the labor unions in the state to determine their racial and religious make-up and to get from them the kind of problems which confront them every day with regard to discrimination in employment, or racial discrimination within their memberships. Both AFL and CIO were in the forefront of organizations backing FEPC.

The Massachusetts law, unlike some state fair employment practice acts, does have the teeth (in the form of fines and jail sentences) to force compliance with its provisions, but so far they have not been needed. No cases have been brought before the courts. The Commission feels that wherever force is used without every effort having first been made toward educating offenders, half the benefit of an FEPC law is lost.

There are many people throughout the country watching Massachusetts and waiting to say "I told you so" should the law prove unworkable. But they can take little comfort from the first year FEPC has been on the statute books of that state. You can legislate humanity—but it is unfortunate that you have to.

Mary K. Fitzgerald is secretary of the Frances Sweeney Committee of Boston, dedicated to promoting interracial justice.

CHEE'S DAUGHTER

JUANITA PLATERO AND
SIYOWIN MILLER

THE HAT told the story, the big, black, drooping Stetson. It was not at the proper angle, the proper rakish angle for so young a Navaho. There was no song, and that was not in keeping either. There should have been at least a humming, a faint, all-to-himself "he he he heya," for it was a good horse he was riding, a slender-legged, high-stepping buckskin that would race the wind with light knee-urging. This was a day for singing, a warm winter day, when the touch of the sun upon the back belied the snow high on distant mountains.

Wind warmed by the sun touched his high-boned cheeks like flicker feathers, and still he rode on silently, deeper into Little Canyon, until the red rock walls rose straight upward from the stream bed and only a narrow piece of blue sky hung above. Abruptly the sky widened where the canyon walls were pushed back to make a wide place, as though in ancient times an angry stream had tried to go all ways at once.

This was home—this wide place in the canyon—levels of jagged rock and levels of rich red earth. This was home to Chee, the rider of the buckskin, as it had been to many generations before him.

He stopped his horse at the stream and sat looking across the narrow ribbon of water to the bare-branched peach trees. He was seeing them each springtime with their age-gnarled limbs transfigured beneath veils of blossom pink; he was seeing them in autumn laden with their yellow fruit, small and sweet. Then his eyes searched out the indistinct furrows of the fields beside the stream, where each year

the corn and beans and squash drank thirstily of the overflow from summer rains. Chee was trying to outweigh today's bitter betrayal of hope by gathering to himself these reminders of the integrity of the land. Land did not cheat! His mind lingered deliberately on all the days spent here in the sun caring for the young plants, his songs to the earth and to the life springing from it—"... In the middle of the wide field ... Yellow Corn Boy ... He has started both ways ...," then the harvest and repayment in full measure. Here was the old feeling of wholeness and of oneness with the sun and earth and growing things.

Chee urged the buckskin toward the family compound where, secure in a recess of overhanging rock, was his mother's dome-shaped hogan, red rock and red adobe like the ground on which it nestled. Not far from the hogan was the half-circle of brush like a dark shadow against the canyon wall—corral for sheep and goats. Farther from the hogan, in full circle, stood the horse corral made of heavy cedar branches sternly interlocked. Chee's long thin lips curved into a smile as he passed his daughter's tiny hogan squatted like a round Pueblo oven beside the corral. He remembered the summer day when together they sat back on their heels and plastered wet adobe all about the circling wall of rock and the woven dome of piñon twigs. How his family laughed when the Little One herded the bewildered chickens into her tiny hogan as the first snow fell.

Then the smile faded from Chee's lips

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and his eyes darkened as he tied his horse to a corral post and turned to the strangely empty compound. "Someone has told them," he thought, "and they are inside weeping." He passed his mother's deserted loom on the south side of the hogan and pulled the rude wooden door toward him, bowing his head, hunching his shoulders to get inside.

His mother sat sideways by the center fire, her feet drawn up under her full skirts. Her hands were busy kneading dough in the chipped white basin. With her head down, her voice was muffled when she said, "The meal will soon be ready, son."

Chee passed his father sitting against the wall, hat over his eyes as though

sometime, he tossed the black Stetson upon a bulging sack of wool and said, "You have heard, then." He could not shut from his mind how confidently he had set the handsome new hat on his head that very morning, slanting the wide brim over one eye: he was going to see his wife and today he would ask the doctors about bringing her home; last week she had looked so much better.

His sister nodded but did not speak. His mother sniffled and passed her velvet-teen sleeve beneath her nose. Chee sat down, leaning against the wall. "I suppose I was a fool for hoping all the time. I should have expected this. Few of our people get well from the coughing sickness. But she seemed to be getting better."



asleep. He passed his older sister who sat turning mutton ribs on a crude wire grill over the coals, noticed tears dropping on her hands. "She cared more for my wife than I realized," he thought.

Then because something must be said

His mother was crying aloud now and blowing her nose noisily on her skirt. His father sat up, speaking gently to her.

Chee shifted his position and started a cigarette. His mind turned back to the Little One. At least she was too small to

understand what had happened, the Little One who had been born three years before in the sanitarium where his wife was being treated for the coughing sickness, the Little One he had brought home to his mother's hogan to be nursed by his sister whose baby was a few months older. As she grew fat-cheeked and sturdy-legged, she followed him about like a shadow; somehow her baby mind had grasped that of all those at the hogan who cared for her and played with her, he—Chee—belonged most to her. She sat cross-legged at his elbow when he worked silver at the forge; she rode before him in the saddle when he drove the horses to water; often she lay wakeful on her sheep-pelts until he stretched out for the night in the darkened hogan and she could snuggle warm against him.

Chee blew smoke slowly and some of the sadness left his dark eyes as he said, "It is not as bad as it might be. It is not as though we are left with nothing."

Chee's sister arose, sobs catching in her throat, and rushed past him out the doorway. Chee sat upright, a terrible fear possessing him. For a moment his mouth could make no sound. Then: "The Little One! Mother, where is she?"

His mother turned her stricken face to him. "Your wife's people came after her this morning. They heard yesterday of their daughter's death through the trader at Red Sands."

Chee started to protest but his mother shook her head slowly. "I didn't expect they would want the Little One either. But there is nothing you can do. She is a girl child and belongs to her mother's people; it is custom."

Frowning, Chee got to his feet, grinding his cigarette into the dirt floor. "Custom! When did my wife's parents begin thinking about custom? Why, the hogan where they live doesn't even face the East!" He started toward the door. "Per-

haps I can overtake them. Perhaps they don't realize how much we want her here with us. I'll ask them to give my daughter back to me. Surely, they won't refuse."

His mother stopped him gently with her outstretched hand. "You couldn't overtake them now. They were in the trader's car. Eat and rest, and think more about this."

"Have you forgotten how things have always been between you and your wife's people?" his father said.

That night, Chee's thoughts were troubled—half-forgotten incidents became disturbingly vivid—but early the next morning he saddled the buckskin and set out for the settlement of Red Sands. Even though his father-in-law, Old Man Fat, might laugh, Chee knew that he must talk to him. There were some things to which Old Man Fat might listen.

Chee rode the first part of the fifteen miles to Red Sands expectantly. The sight of sandstone buttes near Cottonwood Spring reddening in the morning sun brought a song almost to his lips. He twirled his reins in salute to the small boy herding sheep toward many-colored Butterfly Mountain, watched with pleasure the feathers of smoke rising against tree-darkened western mesas from the hogans sheltered there. But as he approached the familiar settlement sprawled in mushroom growth along the highway, he began to feel as though a scene from a bad dream was becoming real.

Several cars were parked around the trading store which was built like two log hogans side by side, with red gas pumps in front and a sign across the tar-paper roofs: *Red Sands Trading Post—Groceries Gasoline Cold Drinks Sandwiches Indian Curios*. Back of the trading post an unpainted frame house and outbuildings squatted on the drab, treeless land. Chee and the Little One's mother had lived there when they stayed with his wife's

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people. That was according to custom—living with one's wife's people—but Chee had never been convinced that it was custom alone which prompted Old Man Fat and his wife to insist that their daughter bring her husband to live at the trading post.

Beside the Post was a large hogan of logs, with brightly painted pseudo-Navaho designs on the roof—a hogan with smoke-



smudged windows and a garish blue door which faced north to the highway. Old Man Fat had offered Chee a hogan like this one. The trader would build it if he and his wife would live there and Chee would work at his forge making silver jewelry where tourists could watch him. But Chee had asked instead for a piece of land for a cornfield and help in building a hogan far back from the highway and a corral for the sheep he had brought to this marriage.

A cold wind blowing down from the mountains began to whistle about Chee's ears. It flapped the gaudy Navaho rugs which were hung in one long bright line to attract tourists. It swayed the sign

Navaho Weaver at Work beside the loom where Old Man Fat's wife sat hunched in her striped blanket, patting the colored thread of a design into place with a wooden comb. Tourists stood watching the weaver. More tourists stood in a knot before the hogan where the sign said: *See Inside a Real Navaho Home 25c.*

Then the knot seemed to unravel as a few people returned to their cars; some had cameras; and there against the blue door Chee saw the Little One standing uncertainly. The wind was plucking at her new purple blouse and wide green skirt; it freed truant strands of soft dark hair from the meager queue into which it had been tied with white yarn.

"Isn't she cunning!" one of the women tourists was saying as she turned away.

Chee's lips tightened as he began to look around for Old Man Fat. Finally he saw him passing among the tourists collecting coins.

Then the Little One saw Chee. The uncertainty left her face and she darted through the crowd as her father swung down from his horse. Chee lifted her in his arms, hugging her tight. While he listened to her breathless chatter, he watched Old Man Fat bearing down on them, scowling.

As his father-in-law walked heavily across the gravelled lot, Chee was reminded of a statement his mother sometimes made: "When you see a fat Navaho, you see one who hasn't worked for what he has."

Old Man Fat was fattest in the middle. There was indolence in his walk even though he seemed to hurry, indolence in his cheeks so plump they made his eyes squint, eyes now smoldering with anger.

Some of the tourists were getting into their cars and driving away. The old man said belligerently to Chee, "Why do you come here? To spoil our business? To drive people away?"

"I came to talk with you," Chee answered, trying to keep his voice steady as he faced the old man.

"We have nothing to talk about," Old Man Fat blustered and did not offer to touch Chee's extended hand.

"It's about the Little One." Chee settled his daughter more comfortably against his hip as he weighed carefully all the words he had planned to say. "We are going to miss her very much. It wouldn't be so bad if we knew that part of each year she could be with us. That might help you too. You and your wife are no longer young people and you have no young ones here to depend upon." Chee chose his next words remembering the thriftlessness of his wife's parents, and their greed. "Perhaps we could share the care of this little one. Things are good with us. So much snow this year will make lots of grass for the sheep. We have good land for corn and melons."

Chee's words did not have the expected effect. Old Man Fat was enraged. "Farmers, all of you! Long-haired farmers! Do you think everyone must bend his back over the shorthanded hoe in order to have food to eat?" His tone changed as he began to brag a little. "We not only have all the things from cans at the trader's, but when the Pueblos come past here on their way to town we buy their salty jerked mutton, young corn for roasting, dried sweet peaches."

Chee's dark eyes surveyed the land along the highway as the old man continued to brag about being "progressive." He no longer was tied to the land. He and his wife made money easily and could buy all the things they wanted. Chee realized too late that he had stumbled into the old argument between himself and his wife's parents. They had never understood his feeling about the land—that a man took care of his land and it in turn took care of him. Old Man Fat and his wife scoffed at

him, called him a Pueblo farmer, all during that summer when he planted and weeded and harvested. Yet they ate the green corn in their mutton stews, and the chili paste from the fresh ripe chilis, and the tortillas from the cornmeal his wife ground. None of this working and sweating in the sun for Old Man Fat, who talked proudly of his easy way of living—collecting money from the trader who rented this strip of land beside the highway, collecting money from the tourists.

Yet Chee had once won that argument. His wife had shared his belief in the integrity of the earth, that jobs and people might fail one but the earth never would. After that first year she had turned from her own people and gone with Chee to Little Canyon.

Old Man Fat was reaching for the Little One. "Don't be coming here with plans for my daughter's daughter," he warned. "If you try to make trouble, I'll take the case to the government man in town."

The impulse was strong in Chee to turn and ride off while he still had the Little One in his arms. But he knew his time of victory would be short. His own family would uphold the old custom of children, especially girl children, belonging to the mother's people. He would have to give his daughter up if the case were brought before the Headman of Little Canyon, and certainly he would have no better chance before a strange white man in town.

He handed the bewildered Little One to her grandfather who stood watching every movement suspiciously. Chee asked, "If I brought you a few things for the Little One, would that be making trouble? Some velvet for a blouse, or some of the jerky she likes so well . . . this summer's melon?"

Old Man Fat backed away from him. "Well," he hesitated, as some of the anger

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disappeared from his face and beads of greed shone in his eyes. "Well," he repeated. Then as the Little One began to squirm in his arms and cry, he said, "No! No! Stay away from here, you and all your family."

The sense of his failure deepened as Chee rode back to Little Canyon. But it was not until he sat with his family that evening in the hogan, while the familiar bustle of meal preparing went on about him, that he began to doubt the wisdom of the things he'd always believed. He smelled the coffee boiling and the oily fragrance of chili powder dusted into the bubbling pot of stew; he watched his mother turning round crusty fried bread in the small black skillet. All around him was plenty—a half of mutton hanging near the door, bright strings of chili drying, corn hanging by the braided husks, cloth bags of dried peaches. Yet in his heart was nothing.

He heard the familiar sounds of the sheep outside the hogan, the splash of water as his father filled the long drinking trough from the water barrel. When his father came in, Chee could not bring himself to tell a second time of the day's happenings. He watched his wiry, soft-spoken father while his mother told the story, saw his father's queue of graying hair quiver as he nodded his head with sympathetic exclamations.

Chee's doubting, acrid thoughts kept forming: Was it wisdom his father had passed on to him or was his inheritance only the stubbornness of a long-haired Navaho resisting change? Take care of the land and it will take care of you. True, the land had always given him food, but now food was not enough. Perhaps if he had gone to school he would have learned a different kind of wisdom, something to help him now. A schoolboy might even be able to speak convincingly to this government man whom Old Man Fat threat-

ened to call, instead of sitting here like a clod of earth itself—Pueblo farmer indeed. What had the land to give that would restore his daughter?

In the days that followed, Chee herded sheep. He got up in the half-light, drank the hot coffee his mother had ready, then started the flock moving. It was necessary to drive the sheep a long way from the hogan to find good winter forage. Sometimes Chee met friends or relatives who were on their way to town or to the road camp where they hoped to get work; then there was friendly banter and an exchange of news. But most of the days seemed endless; he could not walk far enough or fast enough from his memories of the Little One or from his bitter thoughts. Sometimes it seemed his daughter trudged beside him, so real he could almost hear her footsteps—the muffled pad-pad of little feet clad in deerhide. In the glare of a snow bank he would see her vivid face, brown eyes sparkling. Mingling with the tinkle of sheep bells he heard her laughter.

When, weary of following the small sharp hoof marks that crossed and recrossed in the snow, he sat down in the shelter of a rock, it was only to be reminded that in his thoughts he had forsaken his brotherhood with the earth and sun and growing things. If he remembered times when he had flung himself against the earth to rest, to lie there in the sun until he could no longer feel where he left off and the earth began, it was to remember also that now he sat like an alien against the same earth; the belonging-together was gone. The earth was one thing and he was another.

It was during the days when he herded sheep that Chee decided he must leave Little Canyon. Perhaps he would take a job silversmithing for one of the traders in town. Perhaps, even though he spoke little English, he could get a job at the road

COMMON GROUND

camp with his cousins; he would ask them about it.

Springtime transformed the mesas. The peach trees in the canyon were shedding fragrance and pink blossoms on the gentled wind. The sheep no longer foraged for the yellow seeds of chamiso but ranged near the hogan with the long-legged new lambs, eating tender young grass.

Chee was near the hogan on the day his cousins rode up with the message for which he waited. He had been watching with mixed emotions while his father and his sister's husband cleared the fields beside the stream.

"The boss at the camp says he needs an extra hand, but he wants to know if you'll be willing to go with the camp when they move it to the other side of the town?" The tall cousin shifted his weight in the saddle.

The other cousin took up the explanation. "The work near here will last only until the new cut-off beyond Red Sands is finished. After that, the work will be too far away for you to get back here often."

That was what Chee had wanted—to get away from Little Canyon—yet he found himself not so interested in the job beyond town as in this new cut-off which was almost finished. He pulled a blade of grass, split it thoughtfully down the center as he asked questions of his cousins. Finally he said: "I need to think more about this. If I decide on this job I'll ride over."

Before his cousins were out of sight down the canyon Chee was walking toward the fields, a bold plan shaping in his mind. As the plan began to flourish, wild and hardy as young tumbleweed, Chee added his own voice softly to the song his father was singing: "... In the middle of the wide field ... Yellow Corn Boy ... I wish to put in."

Chee walked slowly around the field,

the rich red earth yielding to his footsteps. His plan depended upon this land and upon the things he remembered most about his wife's people.

Through planting time Chee worked zealously and tirelessly. He spoke little of the large new field he was planting because he felt so strongly that just now this was something between himself and the land. The first days he was ever stooping, piercing the ground with the pointed stick, placing the corn kernels there, walking around the field and through it, singing, "... His track leads into the ground ... Yellow Corn Boy ... his track leads into the ground." After that, each day Chee walked through his field watching for the tips of green to break through; first a few spikes in the center and then more and more until the corn in all parts of the field was above ground. Surely, Chee thought, if he sang the proper songs, if he cared for this land faithfully, it would not forsake him now, even though through the lonely days of winter he had betrayed the goodness of the earth in his thoughts.

Through the summer Chee worked long days, the sun hot upon his back, pulling weeds from around young corn plants; he planted squash and pumpkin; he terraced a small piece of land near his mother's hogan and planted carrots and onions and the moisture-loving chili. He was increasingly restless. Finally he told his family what he hoped the harvest from this land would bring him. Then the whole family waited with him, watching the corn: the slender graceful plants that waved green arms and bent to embrace each other as young winds wandered through the field, the maturing plants flaunting their pollen-laden tassels in the sun, the tall and sturdy parent corn with new-formed ears and a froth of purple, red and yellow corn-beards against the dusty emerald of broad leaves.

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Summer was almost over when Chee slung the bulging packs across two pack ponies. His mother helped him tie the heavy rolled pack behind the saddle of the buckskin. Chee knotted the new yellow kerchief about his neck a little tighter, gave the broad black hat brim an extra tug, but these were only gestures of as-

corners. "You are going on a journey?"

Chee shook his head. "Our fields gave us so much this year, I thought to sell or trade this to the trader. I didn't know he was no longer here."

Old Man Fat sighed, his voice dropping to an injured tone. "He says he and his wife are going to rest this winter; then



surance and he knew it. The land had not failed him. That part was done. But this he was riding into? Who could tell?

When Chee arrived at Red Sands, it was as he had expected to find it—no cars on the highway. His cousins had told him that even the Pueblo farmers were using the new cut-off to town. The barren gravel around the Red Sands Trading Post was deserted. A sign banged against the dismantled gas pumps *Closed until further notice*.

Old Fat Man came from the crude summer shelter built beside the log hogan from a few branches of scrub cedar and the sides of wooden crates. He seemed almost friendly when he saw Chee.

"Get down, my son," he said, eyeing the bulging packs. There was no bluster in his voice today and his face sagged, looking somewhat saddened; perhaps because his cheeks were no longer quite full enough to push his eyes upward at the

after that he'll build a place up on the new highway."

Chee moved as though to be traveling on, then jerked his head toward the pack ponies. "Anything you need?"

"I'll ask my wife," Old Man Fat said as he led the way to the shelter. "Maybe she has a little money. Things have not been too good with us since the trader closed. Only a few tourists come this way." He shrugged his shoulders. "And with the trader gone—no credit."

Chee was not deceived by his father-in-law's unexpected confidences. He recognized them as a hopeful bid for sympathy and, if possible, something for nothing. Chee made no answer. He was thinking that so far he had been right about his wife's parents: their thriftlessness had left them with no resources to last until Old Man Fat found another easy way of making a living.

Old Man Fat's Wife was in the shelter

working at her loom. She turned rather wearily when her husband asked with noticeable deference if she would give him money to buy supplies. Chee surmised that the only income here was from his mother-in-law's weaving.

She peered around the corner of the shelter at the laden ponies, and then she looked at Chee. "What do you have there, my son?"

Chee smiled to himself as he turned to pull the pack from one of the ponies, dragged it to the shelter where he untied the ropes. Pumpkins and hardshelled squash tumbled out, and the ears of corn—pale yellow husks fitting firmly over plump ripe kernels, blue corn, red corn, yellow corn, many-colored corn, ears and ears of it—tumbled into every corner of the shelter.

"Yooooh," Old Man Fat's Wife exclaimed as she took some of the ears in her hands. Then she glanced up at her son-in-law. "But we have no money for all this. We have sold almost everything we own—even the brass bed that stood in the hogan."

Old Man Fat's brass bed. Chee concealed his amusement as he started back for another pack. That must have been a hard parting. Then he stopped, for, coming from the cool darkness of the hogan was the Little One, rubbing her eyes as though she had been asleep. She stood for a moment in the doorway and Chee saw that she was dirty, barefoot, her hair uncombed, her little blouse shorn of all its silver buttons. Then she ran toward Chee, her arms outstretched. Heedless of Old Man Fat and his wife, her father caught her in his arms, her hair falling in a dark cloud across his face, the sweetness of her laughter warm against his shoulder.

It was the haste within him to get this slow waiting game played through to the finish that made Chee speak unwisely. It was the desire to swing her before him in

the saddle and ride fast to Little Canyon that prompted his words. "The money doesn't matter. You still have something. . . ."

Chee knew immediately that he had overspoken. The old woman looked from him to the corn spread before her. Unfriendliness began to harden in his father-in-law's face. All the old arguments between himself and his wife's people came pushing and crowding in between them now.

Old Man Fat began kicking the ears of corn back onto the canvas as he eyed Chee angrily. "And you rode all the way over here thinking that for a little food we would give up our daughter's daughter?"

Chee did not wait for the old man to reach for the Little One. He walked dazedly to the shelter, rubbing his cheek against her soft dark hair and put her gently into her grandmother's lap. Then he turned back to the horses. He had failed. By his own haste he had failed. He swung into the saddle, his hand touching the roll behind it. Should he ride on into town?

Then he dismounted, scarcely glancing at Old Man Fat, who stood uncertainly at the corner of the shelter, listening to his wife. "Give me a hand with this other pack of corn, Grandfather," Chee said, carefully keeping the small bit of hope from his voice.

Puzzled, but willing, Old Man Fat helped carry the other pack to the shelter, opening it to find more corn as well as carrots and round pale yellow onions. Chee went back for the roll behind the buckskin's saddle and carried it to the entrance of the shelter where he cut the ropes and gave the canvas a nudge with his toe. Tins of coffee rolled out, small plump cloth bags; jerked meat from several butcherings spilled from a flour sack, and bright red chilis splashed like flames against the dust.

WITH THE AID OF THE ONE ABOVE

"I will leave all this anyhow," Chee told them. "I would not want my daughter nor even you old people to go hungry."

Old Man Fat picked up a shiny tin of coffee, then put it down. With trembling hands he began to untie one of the cloth bags—dried sweet peaches.

The Little One had wriggled from her grandmother's lap, unheeded, and was on her knees, digging her hands into the jerked meat.

"There is almost enough food here to last all winter," Old Man Fat's Wife sought the eyes of her husband.

Chee said, "I meant it to be enough. But that was when I thought you might send the Little One back with me." He looked down at his daughter noisily sucking jerky. Her mouth, both fists were full of it. "I am sorry that you feel you cannot bear to part with her."

Old Man Fat's Wife brushed a straggly wisp of gray hair from her forehead as she turned to look at the Little One. Old Man

Fat was looking too. And it was not a thing to see. For in that moment the Little One ceased to be their daughter's daughter and became just another mouth to feed.

"And why not?" the old woman asked wearily.

Chee was settled in the saddle, the barefooted Little One before him. He urged the buckskin faster, and his daughter clutched his shirtfront. The purpling mesas flung back the echo: "... My corn embrace each other. In the middle of the wide field . . . Yellow Corn Boy embrace each other."

Juanita Platero and Siyowin Miller are the authors of a previous Indian story in our pages, "Warrior Returning," in the Winter 1945 issue. They are currently at work on a book.

The illustrations are by Waano Gano, a Cherokee artist.

WITH THE AID OF THE ONE ABOVE

YURI SUHL

IN THE eyes of his *landsleit* my father was a big success in America. "Imagine!" they would say, with the kind of pride that only a *landsman* takes in the achievements of a fellow *landsman*. "Imagine! He comes here a poor widower from Pedayetz. A regular greenhorn. Only a year and a half in the country. So he marries a widow with a business and he's in business already! Nu? What do you say to that, ah?"

The fact that the entire business consisted of a pushcart on Seigel Street, with a few rolls of faded piece goods,

neither dampened the enthusiasm of the *landsleit* nor restrained their imagination. My father, too, did not want to disillusion them. Outwardly, at least, he even appeared to be happy. "Pinch your cheeks and keep the color rosy," he would say. "Why should other people know what's going on in your heart? It's bad enough that you have to know."

But from close friends and members of the family he did not hide his unhappiness. "Business! Everything in America is business!" he would say with scorn. "Rockefeller is in business and I am in

business. But there seems to be a slight difference. He has the millions and I have the rags. Every day I look all over Seigel Street for Mr. Rockenfeller's pushcart and I can't find it. But mine, thank God, I find every day."

My father could not see how spending the precious days of one's life trying to attract a customer to a pushcart could be considered a "success in America." To him this was a degrading occupation. One's days should be filled with learning and not with watching a pushcart. One's mind should be filled with the lofty thoughts of the ancient rabbis, not with dollars and cents.

"So you hustle away your whole life," he would say, with a thoughtful nod of the head, "and all you have to show for it is a bank book. So when you are six feet underground, can you tell the worms: 'Easy there. Don't eat me so fast. I'm not just anybody around here. I got money in the bank.' Or, a hundred and twenty years from now can you knock on the door of Paradise and say: 'Let me in. I belong here. I have a bank book.' Oh, no. You can't fool the One Above. So that's America. You hustle away this world, and you don't prepare for the next."

For such views my father found very few sympathetic ears. His fellow peddlers on Seigel Street considered them outmoded and even deserving of ridicule.

"He's still talking like a greenhorn," they would say.

"A fine state of affairs if Pedayetz is finding fault with America!"

"America," my father would say, bitterly. "Right away they threaten you with America. What would it hurt America if it didn't mutilate your soul so much?"

"Who is bothering your soul? Do with it whatever you want."

"That's the trouble. Nobody bothers

with it. In Pedayetz I was poor and my soul was rich. Here I am poor and my soul is poor."

My father soon realized that it was no use trying to convince them of the truth of his words. Nobody even cared to listen. He decided that the least he could do was to keep an eye on his own soul; not to let it become impoverished; not to let the giant jaw of America gobble it up. He took with him a holy book wherever he went; on the subway, on the trolley. Even if only for a brief moment, even if there was just enough time to open it, look at it and close it again, it was worth it. Just holding it in his hand was worth it.

But when he took the holy book with him to the pushcart, he was carrying it a bit too far, my stepmother thought.

He had already served his period of apprenticeship, when they both were at the cart. She had patiently taught him how to measure a yard of goods, how to rip off evenly the bought portion from the rest of the piece, how to make a reluctant customer interested and an interested one more so; in general, how to get the "feel" of the market, the "spirit" of the business. Although she admitted that his head was more in the clouds than on the pushcart, she finally felt that the time had come for him to be on his own, at least during part of the day while she was busy shopping for the house and preparing the meals.

But she had miscalculated. No sooner had she left him alone at the pushcart than he opened the book and lost himself in it. This had a catastrophic effect on sales. In the beginning she consoled herself out loud: "That's how it is with business. You never know. One day you're so busy you need at least three pairs of hands to attend to your customers; and the next day you sit with your hands folded, you stare your eyes

out, the customer looks straight at you and doesn't see you."

After a while she began to complain mildly at the supper table. "Tell me, Chaim, dear," she would say, when the meal was fairly under way, "tell me, how do you manage to keep the customers away from you so thoroughly? I can understand business is bad one day, so it is better the next. I can understand a day of only bad customers. They bargain with you, they eat your heart out, they nag you to death. But you, my dear, manage to keep away from the pushcart the good ones and the bad ones every day of the week. How do you do it, tell me?"

My father had but one explanation, of which he never tired. "If the One Above had willed it I would have had not one sale but ten. And if I didn't have any, then the One Above willed it so."

Against the One Above there was no arguing. He giveth, and He taketh. Even my stepmother knew that, although from a woman not much learning was expected. But why the One Above should so consistently pick on so pious a Jew as my father was enough to arouse her suspicion, and one day she set out to investigate the matter.

She took a stroll on Seigel Street and placed herself in a doorway opposite the pushcart. Seigel Street was teeming with shoppers and bargain hunters, peddlers were lustily hawking their wares and waving pieces of merchandise in the air to attract customers to their pushcarts, but my father was totally oblivious of it all. His pushcart was merely a prop for the Talmud over which he kept swaying back and forth, as though he were in a corner of the synagogue or in his own kitchen. If a customer did stop long enough at his cart to examine the material, he would either not see her at all, or raise his eyes for a brief indifferent

look, as if to say: "You want to buy, buy. You don't want to, don't buy."

My stepmother walked over to the pushcart and, making believe she was a customer, fingered a piece of goods and waited for my father to acknowledge her presence. "How much is a yard of this?" she said, growing impatient.

My father raised his eyes and his face colored slightly. "So you are spying on me," he said, somewhat embarrassed.

"Not on you," she said. "On the One Above."

Just to show him that it was he and not the Almighty who was to blame for the lack of sales, she stepped behind the pushcart, rolled up her sleeves, picked up a piece of merchandise, and, waving it back and forth, called out to the passers-by: "Bahgens, veibelech (women), bahgens!" When this failed to attract any customers, she stepped out from behind the pushcart, raised her voice even louder, and thrust the goods into the hands of the shoppers. "Just examine it, please! You don't have to buy it. I wouldn't charge you for examining. Just touch it with your own hands! If you can find a better bahgen elsewhere, I'll give it to you for nothing. Just feel it with your own hands!"

This tactic brought results and after the third sale she turned to my father and said: "Nu, what did I tell you? If the world says: God helps those who help themselves, the world is not crazy. Customers don't fall down from heaven. You have to drag them over. This is what you call common sense. And a man who is wise enough to learn the Talmud and other holy books should be wise enough to have a little common sense."

My father did not reply in words, but the expression on his face was unmistakably articulate to anyone who knew him. In one hand he held the book and

with the other he fingered a piece of material.

Suddenly he turned and walked away. Obviously he was not meant for business. The One Above had willed it so. The One Above had even put it into my stepmother's head to go to Seigel Street that afternoon to check up on him and see for herself.

No, my stepmother was no match for the One Above. My father never returned to the pushcart.

Yuri Suhl is the author of several volumes of Yiddish poetry. He is now at work on an autobiographical novel in English, from which this story is an excerpt.

LEGALIZED BLACKMAIL

BRADFORD SMITH

AKIRA IWAMURA was evacuated from his California home in the spring of 1942 along with all the other Americans of Japanese ancestry. Two years later he enlisted in the United States Army and left the camp where the government had held him—though charged with no offense—to go to an Army language school. When his training was completed, he was sent to the South Pacific to join several thousand other Americans of Japanese ancestry who were saving a good many American lives by translating Japanese documents, listening in on enemy radio messages, and persuading Japanese soldiers to surrender. When the war ended, Iwamura helped to draw up charges against Japanese war criminals for the trials in Manila. Meanwhile, his younger brother was with the Nisei Combat Team in Europe. When he came home at the age of twenty-four, his hair was streaked with gray. He had fought through some of the toughest going in the war.

Akira Iwamura came home after two years in the Army. His parents had been allowed to go back to California. He was looking forward to making up for lost time—improving his land, settling down.

He was twenty-seven now; it was time he got established.

He got home just in time to read a summons to court. California's way of welcoming him back from war service was to demand that he forfeit his land.

Akira went to see a lawyer. He explained that his father had bought the land—sixty acres in the grape-growing Fresno area—back in 1938 when he himself was still a minor. California's Alien Land Law—aimed at the Japanese—prevented any alien ineligible to citizenship from owning land. As a result, aliens who saved up enough money were in the habit of buying the land for their children, operating it until the children grew up, and then retiring in their favor.

In 1941, and again in 1946, the California Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Alien Land Law. Furthermore, it held that if the alien parent could be shown to have any interest whatever in the land—even though he was operating it for his children—the land became forfeit to the state.

Akira's father, after buying the land in his son's name, had continued to operate it. His crime was that of saving money,

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investing it in farm land, planning for the future welfare of his children, and operating the land till they could take over. That, in California, is a crime—if you are an alien ineligible to citizenship.

The state ordered the Iwamuras to appear in the Supreme Court of Fresno to show cause why the land should not be escheated—that is, seized and disposed of by the state. A date for trial was set.

The Iwamuras' lawyer advised them that since the land laws had been declared constitutional they could never win their case in court. But the case could be settled out of court, through the office of the Attorney General. All the state asked was that the Iwamuras pay a sum equal to half the assessed valuation of the land. In return, the state would "quiet the title." That is, once the shakedown had taken place, the Iwamuras would be permitted to possess and enjoy the land they had already bought in a fair and open manner. So the Iwamuras paid to the state the sum of \$29,625—part of this for Akira's sixty acres, part for forty acres held by his sister. The state credited the sum to a fund to be used to prosecute more escheat cases!

The Iwamuras were not alone. In one Los Angeles case \$75,000 was required to "quiet" the state's scruples about letting American children have the property their parents had bought for them. In the Fresno area alone, \$70,000 was collected in the month of January, 1947. To date some 75 cases have been initiated by the state. Sixteen have been settled and \$437,000 collected.

The purpose of the Alien Land Law, passed twenty-seven years ago before Japanese immigration was prohibited, was to discourage the Japanese from buying farm land in California and to keep them in the category of farm labor. Later passage of the Exclusion Act cut off the possibility of any large number of Japanese

landowners, and the state, following popular sentiment, lost interest in prosecuting under such manifestly discriminatory laws. Since at that time there were very few Nisei over twenty-one, it became habitual for alien parents to buy land in the name of their children. Though some Caucasian farmers resented the competition of the Japanese, consumers generally benefited, and in most cases the Japanese concentrated on truck products which Caucasian farmers did not care to grow anyway. The Alien Land Law was little thought of and rarely resorted to.

With the war the picture changed. After economic pressure groups had succeeded in getting the Japanese removed from the coastal area as a wartime measure, a campaign was started to see that they never be allowed to return. A good many people were getting fat off the farm land they had leased from Japanese. One man, who leased such a farm for \$500 and netted \$15,000 the first year, publicly announced that he hoped the Nisei owner, then fighting in Italy, would be killed in combat. A slush fund of \$200,000 was appropriated by the state to aid the prosecution of cases under the Alien Land Law. Nisei in relocation centers began to get letters advising them not to return to the Coast. Local California newspapers (subscribed to by the exiled evacuees) printed large advertisements warning the Nisei to stay away.

But a good many of the Nisei went back anyway. Perhaps they could afford to do nothing else, for many had lost their household goods in fires mysteriously started in the churches or farm buildings where they had stored them. Many had been unable to collect rent on their farms. Many had lost heavily when, just before evacuation, they had been told by the Western Defense Command to plant their crops and had then been evacuated just before harvest. If they had had any

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savings, they had vanished during the time they spent in the relocation centers.

When Akira Iwamura got back to California, he found both his house and his barn burned down. Maybe he felt like selling out. But if he had tried, he would have run into trouble trying to clear his title, again because of the Alien Land Law. Anyhow, this was home. He had been born in nearby Parlier, had spent his life in the Fresno area—had gone to school there and graduated from junior college. His parents had been there for forty years and were still aliens only because our law prevented them from becoming citizens. The non-Japanese neighbors were friendly. Then why did the law want to drive them out?

Actually, the Alien Land Law had never contemplated the kind of squeeze that was going on now—this “quieting” of the title. Certainly it was not the intent to rob American citizens of land honestly acquired and honestly belonging to them.

That it was not the desire of the people of California to persecute returning veterans in this way became clear in November, 1946, when Proposition 15 was presented to the voters. This Proposition was intended to validate constitutionally the 1923 and 1943 amendments to the land law of 1920. It was decisively beaten. If the people of California had anything to do now with making the law they lived under, then it was clear that the Alien Land Law (or at least the amendments to it) was morally dead. And if this was true, such holdups as the Iwamura family have been subjected to are legally as well as morally indefensible. Yet the Iwamura case was settled two months after the people of California had expressed themselves against Proposition 15 at the polls.

The Alien Land Law, when directed only against aliens ineligible to citizenship, was discriminatory enough. To apply it so as to penalize American citizens, many of them veterans of the most decorated outfit in the European war, is little short of fantastic.

Evacuation, in addition to losses of household goods and business properties, has already reduced Japanese farm lands from 250,000 to a mere 60,000 acres in the three West Coast states. Will justice replace legality in California before this too is lost?

One step in the right direction for us to take nationally is to withdraw the discriminatory immigration law against Japanese, as we have already withdrawn that which affected the Chinese and Filipinos, and thus make Japanese aliens eligible for citizenship. We could do this without permitting any influx into the country, through such a bill as H. R. 1425, introduced at the last session of Congress. While it is not legally certain that even such a bill would automatically settle land claims now in dispute, such a mandate from the nation would be bound to have an effect in California where, in the defeat of Proposition 15 in the last election, the majority of voters have already shown their desire to correct old abuses. In any case, passage of such a bill would be no more than fitting recognition of aliens who have lived in America disfranchised for twenty-five years or more, raising American children who fought not only in Europe but against the Japanese.

Bradford Smith is currently at work on Americans From Japan, to be published by Lippincott in the Peoples of America series.

INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION AND THE INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS

ROBERT U. JAMESON

THE intellectual climate of the United States is changing. A recent New York Times carried this front-page headline: "Prelate to Excommunicate Foes of St. Louis Negro Catholic Pupils." Last year the public schools of Trenton decided to abolish segregation on all levels. The National Education Association is still holding out strong hopes that the next Congress will do something about Federal aid to education, that is, to the educational bad lands. Throughout the country, colleges are beginning to have a concern about the desirability of including in their staffs instructors who are not necessarily white "Aryans." Here and there a private school has come to grips with the problem of intercultural education. It is the private schools I am concerned with here; I teach in one.

To get the record straight, let us try to arrive at a definition of what a private, or independent, school is. "Today in America," says E. B. Chamberlain in his book *Our Independent Schools*, "the term *independent* signifies independence of tax support and, consequently, independence of political control. It further suggests the school's freedom to choose its faculty and students and to set its own policies, both personal and academic, its standards, and its program so long as it meets the conditions and demands of the government. This constitutes what is known as academic freedom. It must secure its income from tuition fees and private philanthropy, and it is the extent of the gifts it receives . . . that enables it to maintain exception-

ally high standards and do much of its most significant work."

Such schools prefer to be called independent schools rather than private schools because they are really not private at all. They are nonprofit corporations operated by a board of directors; they are no longer family institutions.

Now what is an independent school like? Most people hold certain stereotypes about such schools: it is a school for dumbbells; a school for the poor forgotten children of broken families; a blue-nose school for the rich kids who must go to college because their fathers went to college; a school for social misfits. None of these ideas is true for the independent schools as a group.

A few do cater to the needs of retarded children whose psychological make-up is such that they would be submerged in a large public school. Every school, independent or public, has to deal every day with the children of broken homes and those who have trouble with society; that is why schools have guidance counsellors. All schools prepare at least some of their seniors for college. How do our private schools differ?

In the first place, we do emphasize college preparation. The independent schools teach about ten per cent of the nation's children, but perhaps ninety per cent of the students go to college. We emphasize good academic training. We have good faculties in most cases, at least in the academic subjects. Not all our graduates go to Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, but they

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do go to college. Even this year, with the colleges as crowded as they are, 78 of last year's graduating class of 84 in my school are in college, and the other six are following previously arranged plans of work or education. And until college education is proved bad, we do a service for our graduates. Our average graduate is a good college risk.

We are proud of our small classes—15 or so. Our students do a lot of homework. They also do a lot of organized play. We try to enlarge biceps as well as the cerebellum. We talk a lot about the "whole boy." We do remedial work for the youngster who has a reading problem. Our graduates had a wonderful record in the armed forces during the war.

Independent schools are, in the second place, likely to be conditioned by religion. Some schools are definitely Episcopalian or Presbyterian or Quaker. Others are non-sectarian. (There are eighteen different sects or faiths in my school this year.) But all believe that the soul of a boy or girl needs attention, along with that given his mind and body. So we have chapel, we talk about religion and ethics, and we require courses in religious education—Bible history, the religions of the world, and the like.

Some of us are boarding schools. Some are day schools. Some are co-educational. Some are for girls alone or boys alone. All kinds find their problems varying from any set norm.

Finally, we believe that by turning out graduates who with superior training are able to face the rigors of college and thereafter, presumably, the rigors of life in a competitive world, we are well justifying our existence. We are heartened by the fact that, with increased income brought on by the war, many previously "public school" families are now sending their children to independent schools. Thus we have a changing complexion in our student

bodies now, a source of great interest to most of us, a broadening of the group which is of value to the school and to the student.

This sounds like bragging. It is bragging. Is there, then, nothing wrong with us?

There are things wrong, very wrong, with all schools. I suggest that you look at the chapter on education in the recent Twentieth Century Fund report called *America's Needs and Resources* if you are interested in all the errors to be found. But one definite wrong in the independent school picture is certainly the fact that most schools have not yet faced up to the fact that educational segregation based upon creed or color is undemocratic. Therefore the fact that some independent schools have begun to widen the composition of their student bodies racially and religiously is one of the most encouraging changes in the intellectual climate I mentioned at the start.

I know of twenty-five distinguished independent elementary or secondary schools which now admit "qualified" Negro students. (Names will be furnished on request.) By "qualified" is meant, in general, qualified by previous preparation, by intelligence, or by social standing equivalent to the average of the other students in the school. It must also be said that the number of Negroes in these schools is small, but that is usually because the number of applications is small or because the number of qualified entrants from any group—Negro or otherwise—is small. Most of these schools also have always had Chinese, Japanese, Latin Americans, Europeans, Jews and a miscellany of others in their student bodies. And though I say I know of twenty-five schools that admit Negroes, there are undoubtedly many more about which I do not know. In any case, since the admission of Negroes in-

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evitably creates the greatest discussion, let us look at this phase of the matter a little more closely.

Suppose an educationally qualified Negro child applies to an independent school for admission. There are likely to be five possible sources of comment in the school family: the students, the parents, the faculty, the alumni, and the board of directors. Take these one at a time. Take the students first, perhaps because they are likely to be less prejudiced than their elders.

Even though they eat at reactionary dinner tables, youngsters are likely to judge things in a somewhat liberal way. Here, for instance, is part of an editorial which appeared a couple of years ago in the literary magazine of the St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire. The editorial writer has received a pretty good independent school education, I should say.

"Racial relations is an overworked subject. There are far too many 'bull sessions' on the subject; but practically no action results from these conversations. I know a boy from the South who will defend to the death his right to keep twelve million people in poverty and fear. I know a boy from New York who will upbraid the South for its failings; yet he is never without a joke about the 'Kikes' and the 'Wops.' I have heard these things many times. I do not listen to them any more because they make me ill. . . .

"So long as we talk about racial relations and do nothing, there will be no result except ear-strain. One cannot blame the boy from the South for his prejudice, because he has never met colored boys on an equal footing. One cannot censure the boy from New York for the same reason. They are both victims of a lack of education. If they were given the chance to meet a large group of boys of each race here, they would soon change their views.

It would have a beneficial effect on the whole school. . . . If we were to have a group of Jewish and Negro students here, our racial intolerance would soon die out. . . . The project would not be charity, although this is also a worthy cause; it would be for our good, a vital part of our education which has been neglected up to the present time. We should leave the School fitted for life in a Democracy and prepared to look on all men as equals. . . . Is it worth trying?"

I do not know whether the St. Paul's School will take its student's advice. But when I printed this editorial in the Independent School Bulletin in February, 1946, a comment came in from another student writer, this time at Mount Hermon School. He said, in part: "Here on the Hill there are representatives of many lands and races. Included are Negroes, Jews, Orientals, Italians, Germans, Poles, and Armenians. Some are thoroughly Americanized. . . . Others are still attached to foreign practices. . . . Regardless, it can be said with certainty that prejudice at Hermon is nearly nil.

"We have come to respect and appreciate boys of different heritages. We have noted their growth in the eyes of their fellow classmates. We have watched them excel in the classroom, on the athletic field, and in other aspects of Hermon life. Their presence has meant much to all of us."

In other words, at Mount Hermon, it is worth trying.

When the question of admitting Negro students arose at the Westtown School, the student body voted about three to one in favor; they also believed that their parents would not withdraw them if the thing happened; and a comfortable majority indicated that the question of color would not enter when the matter of choosing a roommate arose. Again, in a school basketball game in the

Philadelphia area during the war, one of the teams, representing a Friends school, had a Japanese boy as its star and, perhaps, most popular player. When the opposing rooters started a chant which sounded suspiciously like "Get that Jap!" the team captain stopped the game and made a speech to the stands which thoroughly squelched the dissenters.

All right. Let us grant that boys and girls get a new slant on race relations while they are in school. Is there any possibility that this point of view will carry over into their adult lives? Is there any chance that these young people, who come from the best homes of the nation and may very well be the leaders in their communities in later life, will turn out to be the intelligent liberals for whom we have been looking?

Let us admit that there can be no pat answer to the question. For one thing, the experience of interracial education in the independent schools is, except in a few isolated cases, so new that predictions simply can't be made. For another, the schools still have the adult parents to deal with, and their prejudices, if such exist, may be deeply rooted. For another, the economic reasons for prejudice do not, in a well-run school, operate to the disadvantage of members of minority races, as may well happen after the school years are over.

However, certain signs are encouraging. Last fall, Harvard played Virginia in football, after seeing to it that Harvard's Negro lineman would be allowed to play in the game. A small straw in the wind, perhaps. But Harvard is made up of a large number of independent school graduates, who, in this small matter, may be carrying over at least to the college gridiron some new conception of equality.

Again, many of the boys and girls in the Friends schools, particularly in the Philadelphia area, whether Quaker or not,

have gone into the labor of interracial work camps during and after their school years. Others have gone on, under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee, to give their adult time to work leading to better understanding among the races of mankind in projects in the United States and abroad. Boys and girls from the independent schools are also, in increasing numbers, becoming active in organizations like the Conference on Education for Public Service, becoming politically conscious as they become socially conscious.

For many students the lesson has stuck. These are the hope. For others, the school day, with whatever leavening it may have, ends at five o'clock, and at that point the family takes over. Even so, here and there a student converts the family.

One thing is certain. Since what students do when they graduate will make or break any school program of race relations, the schools will have to work at the thing, to prove to children and to parents that the school philosophy is right. Not even the most sanguine headmaster will guarantee the future course of every graduate in the way of sane race relations, but every headmaster whose school admits Negro students believes that his policy will, in the end, make better citizens. We may need a generation to do the job, perhaps longer. But at least the beginning has been made, and the number of schools which admit Negroes is increasing. This widening, in itself, is a good sign.

What of parents? They may have to be treated more carefully than boys and girls, but generally their bark is worse than their bite. They do vary enormously from school to school. Here and there patrons have had such implicit trust in the headmaster that they have accepted his judgment in accepting Negro students. On the other hand, half the parents in one school

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I know seceded when a Negro was admitted before proper indoctrination had been completed in the community. This school has only recently got back upon its feet again. (Remember the independent school lives on tuition.)

The Haverford Friends School, around the corner from my house, admitted a little Negro girl a year ago, after telling the patrons about the step. I heard some irate comments, but I heard more praise than blame. This year no one seems upset about anything. (By the way, only a small fraction of the families whose children go to Friends schools are Quaker families.)

Another Friends school had the interesting experience, in its P.T.A., of hearing the Japanese mother of a very popular student in the school take strong issue with the Association for frowning upon a Negro. Her reasoning: After all, I am not an American citizen. But you accept and seem to like my son, a second-generation American. How, then, can you think of barring a Negro whose ancestors have been citizens for eighty years?

These things happen every day. There is no rule for human emotion. Here and there the parents will fight to the last ditch to preserve "Aryan" white supremacy. Then again, they will be ahead of the school in their social thinking. But experience indicates that parents will in general first object, then think it over, listen to their children, and finally go along with the school.

What of teachers? Again there is no rule. Teachers, who should consider above everything else the welfare of youth and the soul and mind of man, are curiously inconsistent. Some independent school teachers seem to think that because they teach in a high-income neighborhood they must mirror the normal (not the right word, but it will have to do) prejudices of the community in which they teach. This state of mind is not helped by the fact

that for many people teaching becomes a rut in which idealism often goes out the window—what with low salaries—yes, even in independent schools. Reactionary teachers may be harder to convince than anyone else. But I believe that they are in the minority. Other teachers, and their number is increasing every day, have liberal ideas about the sociological structure of their classes. It is clear that a class in which all shades of opinion can get an airing is a better class than one which reflects only one social or political point of view.

What of the alumni? One of the misconceptions about alumni in general is that they will back anyone who is a good athlete. There are certainly cases which seem to make this accusation a just one, but most independent school alumni are, first of all, genuinely concerned with the future of their school. They visit the old school, when they get back from overseas, almost before they go to see their parents. They send their children to the school, although few of them register their offspring at birth any more. They push the building fund. They have the college class kind of devotion.

Thus, they are parents; they are financial backers; they are boosters. From what I know of the several schools which have begun an intercultural program, I should say this: when alumni are convinced that the educational program of the school promises to benefit the school, they will support it. I say this with a certain amount of trepidation, because two of the most active alumni I know in a rather reactionary school are (1) a reactionary and (2) a vociferous liberal. I think alumni reaction depends upon school procedure. Any school can easily alienate its alumni by unwise methods, and, conversely, a wise administration will have the alumni body—and an important body it is, what with tuition and other little matters—behind it.

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What of the Boards of Directors? Suppose we start with the Board member I know who says he will resign the moment a Negro is accepted at his school. Then turn to the school in which the Board recommended the admission of Negroes before the faculty would stand for it. One thing is certain. Boards of Directors will have to be shown that a thoroughgoing program of intercultural education will not ruin the budget. Board members cannot be expected to approve a project which may ruin the financial structure of the school. Hence they are usually careful. They will require more than the usual indoctrination, because most Boards include an "admissions" committee which at times can say *no* to a candidate for the school. The great hope is this. Most Board members are not school men. They hire a headmaster and rely upon his judgment. Look at the archdiocese of St. Louis again. Missouri, up to now, doesn't have such an enviable history in race relations.

Another problem in this whole perplexed situation involves the method of approaching the school community with the news that the school has "gone and done it." Here again there has been no uniformity. Westtown School, among others, carefully circularized its patrons in a two-year program designed to indoctrinate the adults in the basic ideas of Quakerism concerning races: that each individual man has merit regardless of his color or creed, that in the brotherhood of man is to be found the salvation of the world. (Please keep in mind again that except in one or two cases not more than a quarter of the students in any Friends school are Quakers.) The intercultural program at Westtown has only just started, but it promises well. On the other hand, another Philadelphia school—Friends' Select, one of the really old ones—just worked the thing out in its school committee and its faculty, admitted Ne-

groes, and then told the patrons. There were a few objections, of course. One southern family made quite a noise. But at a recent P.T.A. dinner the southern parents and the Negro parents seemed to be enjoying each other's company. At least, there was no explosion.

Except in a few instances, it has been the Friends schools which have had the sanest point of view on racial matters. During the past few years the Friends schools as a group have come into the picture as a dominant force in intercultural education. Quakers played a large part in the "Underground Railroad" before the Civil War. In the North before 1863 there were many Negro Quakers, mostly middle aged people. There has always been a deep Quaker concern for Negro education, but since the Civil War most of the educational projects have been undertaken in the South, in a somewhat paternalistic way. Negroes applying to northern schools have had to be Quakers until recently. So the story is not entirely perfect. But note this fact: about *half* of all the Friends schools in the United States will now consider an application for admission on intellectual grounds alone. Certainly no other group of schools can match that record.

What of minorities other than the Negro?

Occasionally a school faces a problem concerning an Oriental child, or a South American who cannot speak English, or an Iranian prince who does not like routine. One Friends school in the Philadelphia area has tried for a year or so to find a Chinese child in its school district, but there isn't one to be found. This case is atypical, of course. But in most independent schools, particularly those in cities, the principal tangle has to do with Jews.

As to the admission of Jewish students in the independent schools, I wish I could

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report some uniformity of procedure. Here the problem is complicated even by the location of the schools: city schools have more applications from Jews than country schools; day schools have more applications than boarding schools. So no rule can really apply everywhere.

Although the old quota system—so many seats for Jews, so many for Gentiles—is nearly gone (it is *not* gone from all the colleges), we might just as well be frank and admit that no independent school, especially if it is located in a large city, will admit all the Jewish students who apply for admission. While any specific definition of requirements will never include a clause which might be phrased: “No minority group will be admitted to the school in numbers large enough to cause members of majority groups to transfer their children to other schools,” I believe that in general there is at least a subconscious application of some such criterion when the admission of a Jewish child comes up.

All students, of course, are given certain standard tests when they apply for admission, plus certain more indefinite tests of social status, financial security, and the like.

I know more than one headmaster of good faith who examines every application for admission solely with the thought: “Will the school have something to offer this child, and will the child have something to offer the school?” I believe that all heads of schools think in this way when they first consider an application for admission, just because they want to run as good a school as possible. But the feelings of the school family—the group out of whose traditions the school has grown—simply cannot be ignored by the average headmaster without an independent income. Thus the admission of Jewish children may de-

pend upon the community feeling toward Jews. I think that in some ways, especially in wealthy communities, anti-Jewish prejudice is actually stronger than anti-Negro prejudice, if only because the Jew is a more familiar competitor than the Negro. In any event, although every independent school that I know of has Jewish students, the problem is by no means solved.

I myself know of no case in which a Jewish boy or girl has had cause to feel the weight of discrimination after he has been admitted to an independent school. The boys I have taught seem to have had no feeling at all about their Jewish classmates. Again, the economic basis for prejudice, which generally outweighs the religious so far as Jews are concerned, has not yet had time to enter. That is the province of the adults in the community who feel actively on the subject.

In general, I believe that anti-Jewish feeling will be harder to root out in the independent schools than any other. Certainly a complete program for a workable admissions policy in all cases has yet to appear, in spite of the example which is being set by a few far-sighted schools.

Where, then, are the independent schools headed in this matter of intercultural education? All independent schools are giving the matter serious thought. They cannot, at the moment, be sued in the courts for denying admission to a Negro or a Jew or a Mexican, but they are one by one finding that their philosophy of education for democracy must face up to the facts of life. When the Philadelphia Private School Teachers' Association included in one of its meetings a year or so ago a panel discussion on the general matter of intercultural education, the attendance was large, and no one came to scoff.

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That meeting heard the reports of success and failure. But all who came—mostly headmasters—wanted information.

Here, finally, is a prescription for an independent school of good faith.

First, be as cautious as you please. Circularize your patrons. Talk it over with your staff and your Board. Talk it over with your students. Lay the groundwork as well as possible. But be sure that your objective is plain: your school, in a democracy, cannot—indeed, in these years of decision, must not—be other than democratic.

Then reason something like this. Sheltering the privileged is not necessarily educating them. Liberalizing entrance requirements may change and improve your student body at the same time. Anyhow, you are not going to have a revolution. Only a change in your direction. You are not going to change the character of the educational opportunity which you have always offered. You will continue to prepare your students for college. You will not take a Negro or a Jew or a Mexican for a student just because you think you must have a Negro or a Jew or a Mexican to prove that your ideals are democratic.

But you will accept this Negro or that Mexican if the boy fits your conception of what your students should be like. You will not take a Jew because you pity the plight of the Zionists in Palestine, but because you believe that the boy in question will have something to offer your school and will find something to get out of it. In other words, you will judge your applicants as individuals.

I think that what a score of independent schools have done with care, and with evident success and satisfaction, will be done by many more schools with the same care, the same success. And I am positive that the independence of these schools will be justified by the wisdom of their course.

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NOEL McMAHON

GERTRUDE S. CLEARY

CHRISTMAS is a holy day," Mother said. "A time to remember God's poor—not a day for giving a cheap string of pearls to someone who has too many boxes of stationery."

Santa ran a poor second to the Poor Babe of Bethlehem in our household. There was a definite security in not expecting too much of the white-whiskered gentleman. I might be pleasantly surprised, but it was impossible for me to be disappointed.

"Remember he'll have to go to all the poor homes before he gets to us," Mother told me.

It was the last day of school before the Christmas recess. The eighth-graders had put on their traditional Christmas play. The prettiest girl had been Mary, lovely and fresh in blue satin evening gown. The best boy was Joseph. His beard was gray and voluminous. It stayed on with the aid of a concoction which must have included chloroform for he experienced great difficulty in staying awake during his performance. I was proud to see the Three Wise Men because their costumes had come from the McMahon stock-pile. The tallest one wore Father's faded gray bathrobe; next came the legendary Negro in Uncle Jack's resplendent purple robe; the shortest wore my brother Ed's gaudy striped bathrobe. My sister Loretto played the piano for the carols and Christmas mood music.

We trooped back to our classrooms. There was no party because it was Advent. Carefully we gathered up the

presents we'd been making for the parents since Thanksgiving. I was inordinately proud of Father's penwiper—scraps, stitched together with red and green string. I knew Mother would love the book I'd made for her. Beneath the Christmas red and green drawing paper were twelve pages of my best Palmer penmanship. Between the pages of writing exercises was a monthly calendar complete with Friday abstinence fishes and oddments of hagiology. The entire work, tied with tinsel, made a gay and substantial gift.

Sister thanked us with grateful tears for the black cotton umbrella we had slipped on her desk that morning before school opened. She wished us a Holy Christmas, gave each of us a lovely holy card of the Bethlehem scene, on the back of which she had written her name and ours, the date, and an appropriate comment. Mine read:

Dear Evangeline:

Always remember that "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

I fingered it reverently. So we were dismissed for the holidays.

As I left the building, the cold wind took my breath away and poised it in the chill air. The top layer of snow was black and sooty, but I kicked the surface with my foot and uncovered dazzling white. Every few steps there would be a patch of ice, and snow on its surface made an exciting slide. There would be time later for snowball fights and slides. Today we

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bade each other hasty good-byes and Christmas greetings. We'd meet again at the Children's Mass, Christmas Day, in our holiday mittens and stocking caps—maybe even sporting a new muffler, purse, or muff. Now we all felt the emergency of the occasion. There was so much to do between now and Christmas.

Immediately upon my arrival home, I went over my Christmas list for the twentieth time—sheer, cold, businesslike planning. This was the shopping that had to be done at the local Five-and-Ten. I had completed my imaginary shopping the day of December 8. My aunt always took Loretto and me downtown on that date, which commemorated the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and so became a parochial school holiday. It was then I paid my traditional respects to Santa Claus and asked him for all the things I never expected to receive. This had been a gala day, including even lunch in a tea room. The store windows along State Street were the incarnation of the pictures I'd seen in story books. Salvation Army members clanged their bells with hands pinched and white from the cold, their noses red, their voices strident and clear. They lifted first one foot and then the other off the icy pavement, vainly striving to get the circulation going again in their frostbitten feet. My aunt sat in a chair in the glove section on the first floor—she didn't trust the escalators. Loretto and I, more intrepid, mounted their heights and viewed the gorgeous panorama of the entire store from the successive levels. The tree in Marshall Field's was stories high. This was a day only of looking, however. I asked the prices of a few items and was incredulous at the salesgirls' replies.

I recalled some of those items now as I rechecked my long list against my meager budget. After lunch I called on the neighbors to see if I could take pack-

ages to the post office for them. I envied Ed and Loretto, who had Christmas money cached in cardboard banks. Loretto made a tidy fee minding babies. She charged ten cents for a morning or afternoon. Ed delivered P.D.Q.'s dry cleaning on Saturdays and two week nights. By suppertime I'd spent hours in the post office and had increased my holdings by eleven cents.

After supper I busied myself with my Christmas list again. Father came home with several boxes of candy which he had bought wholesale at the behest of neighbors. His brother worked at Bunte Brothers candy factory so Father could purchase candy at cost. We children started out to deliver the boxes.

Ed and Loretto took turns pulling the sled. It glided majestically on the hard snow. We searched the sky for the Star of the East.

"Loretto," Ed said, "let's have Evie take the candy in to Miss Kelly. Evie looks so little and cold she'll get more than we would."

Miss Kelly was pleased at having her fine cheap candy brought to her door. "You poor little thing. Out alone on a night like this," she said and slipped a quarter into my hand. Similar scenes were enacted in other homes, though no contribution equalled Miss Kelly's.

Mrs. Hood felt so sad about my cold, lonely condition she made me a cup of hot cocoa with a marshmallow floating on top. My partners were angry at this deal; they had to wait out in the cold too long. Ed delivered the next box just to warm up. Mr. Burke gave him a dime and no provender (I'd collected assorted nuts and candy), so after Loretto had a turn at going in and warming up, we went back to our old system. The least I received was fifteen cents. I made sure I secured three pieces of candy each time it was offered. We arrived home at ten

o'clock. Ed, who was treasurer, counted our earnings. We netted fifty cents apiece. Tired as I was from the fresh air and late hour, I checked my Christmas list again.

I asked Mother about presents for my friends.

"Give to all or none," was her answer. Father, seeing my downcast reaction to this impossible dictum, assured me that he'd bring home peppermint canes for my friends. Mother said she'd help me to wrap them beautifully.

The next day, Saturday, a box came from our cousins, the McCarthys of Cambridge. They sent us wonderful presents every Christmas. They were our rich relatives who had stayed in the East. This year we received additional bounty from some relatives in St. Louis who had visited us the previous summer. We tore off the wrapping paper. Six presents, professionally wrapped, were ready to be placed under the tree. We began to receive Christmas cards. Mother polished the mahogany library table to display them. This was my last day for earning money, and I went at the task with vigor. By nightfall my stock-pile had hit almost a dollar.

Sunday, Ed, Loretto, and I planned and argued over the presents we'd "go together on." My percentage in this venture was fifteen cents. Ed was delegated to purchase Uncle Jack's tobacco. Loretto took on Aunt Kate's earrings. Mother made Christmas cookies and planned her grocery shopping for Monday. Father went to choir rehearsal. We made trips to the basement and dug out other years' Christmas wreaths and decorations.

For weeks now, I had scrutinized the wares at the local Five-and-Ten-Cent Store. I knew which counter to attack first. One matter plagued me. I knew Father would be delighted with the pres-

ent I'd made for him at school—especially since Loretto and Ed had reluctantly agreed to make it functional by giving him a pen. But Ed and Loretto were getting Mother additional store presents. I had to arrive at some selection for her within my budget. According to her credo, it must be something she really needed.

Every child on our block seemed to be pushing and getting pushed at the Five-and-Ten next morning—Christmas Eve. I bought three pennants for Ed—Illinois, Northwestern, and Notre Dame.



I could imagine how proud he would be to tack them on his bedroom wall. They were ten cents apiece—three for a quarter. I hesitated over the price, but three seemed so much more handsome than one. Besides, I was pretty certain that Ed's manual training efforts that semester had been in behalf of my Christmas present.

By the time I closed this transaction, I had lost a mitten and been jostled unmercifully. I regretted my decision to buy Loretto Sweet Pea perfume. What if someone knocked the bottle out of my hands? However, this choice had followed weeks of indecision and I felt powerless to change it. A row of fat women formed a barricade in front of the perfume counter. I finally wriggled through their midst to the counter and made my choice known to the salesgirl. All along I had pictured receiving the perfume as it was displayed. I was shocked when she put the bare bottle in a paper bag.

"But I want it wrapped like that," I protested, pointing to the one on the rack.

"Aw, gwan home and tell your Ma she wants yuh," she answered in a voice of consummate fatigue. "Gimme fifteen cents."

"They'll wrap it for you in the back of the store, Evie," one of our neighbors shouted to me.

I pushed and shoved my way to the desk at the rear.

"Please wrap this just like the one at the perfume counter," I begged the girl.

Wide-eyed, I watched this artist transform my unpretentious bottle of perfume into a gift fit for a queen. Her hands seemed to caress the tissue paper with which she lined the inside of a shiny white box which bore a scene depicting Santa and his reindeer gliding over a snowy roof under a star-studded sky. She hid this gorgeous box under silver paper dotted with real holly berries. Generously, she wound red ribbon around it. Deftly, she slipped an artificial poinsettia on top.

"Okay?" she asked, pleased with her magic.

"Gorgeous," I replied, reaching for the package.

"Fifteen cents," she said.

This bit of Yuletide commercialism stunned me. The wrapping had cost as much as the gift. The way she looked at me I knew a protest would be foolhardy. I couldn't run away, because she had the perfume. Close to tears I handed over fifteen cents and hurried home.

Mother quickly snatched an article she was working on at the dining-room table and hid it. I caught a glimpse of my old familiar doll. The room smelled of the doll hospital.

Mother tried to look casual as she returned. "Around Christmas, always make noise when you come in, Evie dear, please. What's that you have?" She exclaimed over Loretto's present. "Why, she can get a hairbow out of that ribbon and wear that flower on her coat Christmas afternoon. Wasn't the girl lovely to wrap it so nicely for you, dear?"

I didn't answer, but I felt better.

"You had almost a dollar to spend for presents, Evie," Mother reminded me. "Remember ten cents of that goes into the poor box at the foot of the crib Christmas morning. It's His Birthday, you know."

"But Mother, I won't have hardly anything left for your present," I complained.

"Your love is all the present I want, Evie." Mother kissed me. "Really, darling, I don't need a thing. Shell some nuts for me now like a good girl, will you? As soon as your father comes home with some money, I want you to go back to the store for me. I didn't have enough to get everything we need."

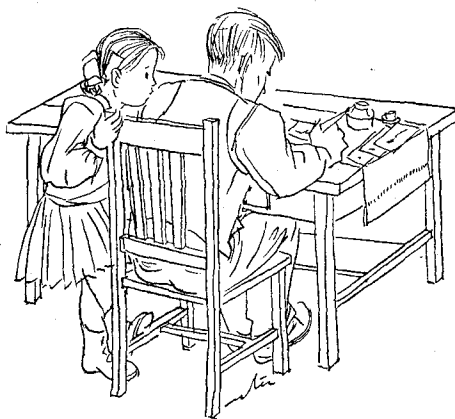
I went into the kitchen, opened the icebox door, and inspected the turkey. It was enormous. The stuffing swam in a huge kettle, lending its spicy aroma to the medley of holiday cooking odors. Mother and Loretto dug into the boxes resurrected from the basement. Christmas wreaths went up in the parlor windows. Loretto placed a huge red bow on

the wreath she hung on the front door. Red candles went into green holders. Mother placed a bayberry candle on the mantel. Her face was warm with reminiscence of years of tradition as she fondly placed it in its holder.

Gingerly, Loretto began to unwrap ornaments. We greeted them with loving exclamations. These were our festive friends. The exhilaration of welcome familiarity settled over us. We worked amidst layers of tissue paper. I settled down on the parlor floor. Cracking nuts with the instruments used only during Yuletide became routine amid the gay excitement.

Ed came in. "I believe I'll go for the tree now, Mom," he said. "They're reducing them and the good ones go fast."

"Be careful, Ed. See that you get a shapely spruce. Don't pay over a dollar."



Mother was everywhere—cooking, decorating, radiating the spirit of Christmas.

Father came in, a walking candy store. "Merry Christmas!" he shouted. He climbed on a chair and tacked a sprig of mistletoe on the ceiling between the front and back parlors. Mother flushed happily as he kissed her. Then came Loretto's turn; next, mine. "Thank God, we're all together this happy night."

"And God help the poor this bitter night," Mother said. She looked out the window at the snow and listened to the wind. For a minute she shivered. Then, "Give Evie some money, Ed," she commanded. She handed me her grocery list. "Hurry, Evie," she admonished. "They'll be closing soon."

I hurried so as not to miss anything. Everyone I collided with on the block shouted, "Merry Christmas!"

I dashed back with the parcels and opened the back door to the spicy, virile odor of pine. I left the groceries on the kitchen table and ran into the parlor to see the tree. Mother was scrutinizing it admiringly.

"It's fine, Ed. Nice and full." Then she added, "It's a little skinny on the top though."

"I'll graft some branches off the bottom, Mom, like I did last year." Ed took the tree out to the back porch.

I went to the library table and looked over Father's shoulder as he wrote Christmas greetings in his distinguished hand on the envelopes in which he placed fifty cents for the mailman and garbage man.

"Didn't I have baking powder on the list, Evie?" Mother called from the kitchen.

"Yes, Mother," I replied. "But I didn't have enough money. Mrs. Reese said to skip the baking powder and get the cranberries. She said you probably need them more."

"Oh, dear. I wanted to try a new Christmas pudding with baking powder instead of the old soda one. I wish I had some baking powder. I can't make this steamed pudding without it," Mother muttered to herself. "Come on, every one. Supper's ready."

We sat down to our traditional Christmas Eve menu—oyster stew, salad, apple pie with a wedge of American cheese, and green tea. Snug happiness filled us

with the comfortable sense of well-being. Loretto and I did the dishes later while Mother stuffed the turkey and Father and Ed put the candle holders on the tree. Our kitchen door opened many times to neighbors' greetings, requests, and reminders. Father filled two pails of water and placed them one on each side of the tree in case of fire. Then we went into the parlor. Father lit the first candle and handed it to Ed.

"Here, son, put this on top of the tree," he said. "You're taller than I this year."

Ed's face flushed with pride as he stood on a chair and placed the candle on top of the tree. Then Mother and Father put a lighted candle in place on the next branch, and Loretto placed her candle in the holder on one of the middle branches.

"Now, here's for our baby." Mother handed me a candle which I placed on one of the lower branches. In some households children measured their heights with yardsticks. Not the McMahons. Each year saw our candle placed a little higher on the tree. We went to work setting the remaining candles in their holders and lit the candles. Their glow filled the room. I looked from the tree to my family. Each one had a lighted candle reflected in the pupils of his eyes.

"I love to see candles in people's eyes," I said softly.

"That's pretty, Evie," Mother said. "Now then, up go the stockings." Each of us hung a stocking—Father's darned green wool, Mother's tan cotton, Ed's black silk, Loretto's brown rayon, and my long black cotton. They presented a weird assortment, thumb-tacked on the mantel.

"Now then, Evie," Mother said. "Straight to bed."

"Better hurry," Father added. He turned to Ed. "What's that noise? Sound to you like reindeer hoofs?"

"Sure does. Hurry, Evie. He must be on the next block," Ed said.

"Be sure to go straight to sleep," Loretto chipped in. "He looks in first and if you're not sleeping, he'll go right by."

Suddenly I felt alone. Now they were having their secret Christmas. I resented my exclusion. They would have such wonderful fun while I lay in the dark awaiting a Santa I now knew never existed.

I returned in my pajamas for a last look at the tree. They kissed me good night quickly—eager to be rid of me. I went out to the kitchen to give Father a kiss. He was mixing ingredients in a huge bowl. I noticed the bottle of O Solo bourbon had made its annual journey from the top pantry shelf.

I lay in bed looking at the ceiling. I was afraid if I closed my eyes I might fall asleep. I heard the front door open and close frequently. Uncle Jack and Aunt Kate were in the parlor. I tried to identify neighbors and relatives by their voices. Fragments of conversation reached my ears. "Do you really think she believes?" "Of course she does. She's an awful baby about some things." "I thought she spotted that doll when she came in." "I did until I was in the fourth grade." "I shall never forget when I was a boy living behind the candy factory. Well, sir, one Christmas Eve. . . ."

Next year I'd tell them. Try as I might to hear all of Father's story, sleep slipped in unobserved in the middle of it. In a semi-slumber, I was aware of articles being dragged past the bedroom door. I heard shouts and laughter—then, oblivion.

I rolled over sleepily when the alarm went off at five a.m. Then, as realization struck me, I dashed out of bed. Quickly I gathered in my arms the doll who was sitting under the tree. She wore an exquisite orange tulle ballet dress. Her white

socks and slippers were new. An orange ribbon perched jauntily atop her new black curls. From the top of each Christmas stocking bulged a shiny orange. Later I would investigate the treasures bunched under it. In one corner of the room was a laundry set: clothes pins, a scrub board, tub, ironing board, and iron. I squealed with delight and ran over to inspect it.

"Hurry, Evie. Get dressed for Mass," Mother ordered. "We'll see everything later. First we must pay our respects to the Babe of Bethlehem."

The five of us dressed rapidly and went forth to fight the elements. All along the dark street I heard the hurried crunching of footsteps marching to church. A door would open. "Merry Christmas!" the dim figure would exclaim as we pressed forward. It was over a mile to church, and the bitter cold penetrated. The green tree and warm home we'd left faded from my memory. Mother and Father each took one of my hands and hustled me along. Loretto and Ed walked and ran alternately, vainly attempting to thwart the sub-zero temperature. At last church came into view and we hurried inside.

The altar was a bower of poinsettia plants and palms. The altar boys, their hands red from the cold, lit the tall candles. Father went up to the choir loft. There was a clicking as the organist tried to warm up the instrument for the festive chords of the Holy Day "Kyrie." Each time a worshipper entered, a chilly blast penetrated the interior of the church, but the strangling sounds emanating from the cold radiators gave promise of later heat. The Priest came out. We rose. The organ and choir achieved a crescendo.

I dozed several times during Mass. The entire congregation seemed to approach the Communion Rail. At the end of Mass, the choir gave an exultant ren-

dition of "Adeste Fideles" as we left the church. I had scarcely thawed out and now I was on the outside again. It was an hour later and the buffeting wind had subsided a little. Ahead lay a day of festivity. The walk home was exhilarating.

As soon as I arrived home, I ran to the enchanting tree. Mother put on the kettle.

"We'll break our fast now with a sip of Holy Water," she said. We passed the bottle around, each taking a tiny sip of the blessed salty water. "Now for presents," she said luxuriously. I realized that, aside from attending the Mass at nine o'clock, the remainder of the day belonged to the flesh.

Loretto had given me a cash register. It had a bell that really rang each time a sale was recorded. The cash drawers were filled with wonderful cardboard money. Her workmanship would have been the envy of a professional counterfeiter. Ed's manual training had indeed been effective. For Father there was a whole shoe box; for Mother, a sewing box; for Loretto, a wicker handkerchief box; and I was the proud recipient of a beautiful desk and chair. Mother complimented me on the penmanship book. Father liked his penwiper. The Boston cousins had sent Ed a maroon sweater and Loretto a plaid skirt. I hugged the fur muff they'd sent me and buried my nose in its silky warmth. It had a braided cord to fit my wrist and was lined with luxuriant white satin. It had shiny kitten eyes and a handsome red ribbon tied around the kitten's neck.

The St. Louis relatives had come through splendidly. Ed began studying some of the designs that came with his Mechano set while Loretto admired the amber beads they sent her. I soon had my doll undressed, and items of the plentiful wardrobe they'd sent for a doll went off and on with rapidity and joy. I looked

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from one package to the next. I opened each very slowly, striving to preserve its mystery as long as possible. I realized from Mother's lukewarm display of surprise at the contents, plus some worked-over seals, that she hadn't been able to endure the suspense as bravely as I.

Ed was pleased with his pennants. Loretto hadn't opened her present yet—she said she hated to spoil the pretty wrappings. I looked surreptitiously at Mother. Father looked over her shoulder as she unwrapped my present to her.

She gasped when she saw it. For a minute she had a little trouble finding her voice. Then, with tears in her eyes, she said, "Evie, that's the biggest, loveliest can of baking powder I ever saw in my life."

Gertrude S. Cleary's "Come Holy Ghost" appeared in our Spring 1947 issue.

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.



YOUNG AMERICA

THE SPARTAN GREEKS OF BRIDGETOWN

J. MAYONE STYCOS

WHEN an alien group emigrates from a foreign land, it carries little of that culture in its baggage but very much of it in its mind. When a poor Spartan farmer comes to America, he cannot carry his mule, his plow, or his olive trees, and neither can he transport the more artistic and literary manifestations of his culture. But what he can transport to the new land he carries easily and unforgettably in his head—the customs, the folkways, and mores, the ways of thinking and behaving that he learned in his home country.

Upon arrival in America he discovers that these cherished and to him almost sacred ways of thought and action are not observed by Americans at all. Since from childhood the Greek ways of thinking and acting have been drummed into him by his parents, substantiated and elucidated at his school, codified and legalized by his government, rationalized and sanctified by his religion, and observed by all his significant human environment until emigration, it is very difficult for the average Greek even to tolerate the radically different thoughts and customs of Americans, and almost impossible for him to adopt and believe in them. Consequently, he observes askance the freedom of the American children and the equality of the husband and wife; he tastes with disdain the flat and spiceless American foods; he listens with an uncomprehending horror to the thumpings of American jazz, and eyes aghast the levity with which American courtship and marriage

are considered. He wonders why Americans drink so relatively infrequently and become intoxicated so often, why they rush madly everywhere and die before they have time to retire, why they work with phenomenal vigor and leave all their accumulated savings to their children.

The immigrant Greek cannot understand and, even if he does understand, largely dislikes much of the culture he sees. His natural reaction is to band together with his fellows, to group with those who share his language and his beliefs, and to avoid Americans as much as possible. But unfortunately for the Greek, he is here not on a visit or a vacation but for the purpose of making money. He left Greece not because he disliked its customs or its terrain but because he was dissatisfied with its economy; and once in America it is only Americans who can enable him to make a living. If he attempts then to form a cordon around himself and his fellows, this cordon will become the very noose which will result in his economic strangulation. The more he expresses distaste for Americans and their customs, the more he is heard speaking Greek, the more he avoids American society and ways of behavior, the less successful will be his business. It is bad enough that his name is Spiropolous—people will know and watch; but let him act like Spiropolous (i.e., a foreigner) and people will avoid him and his business.

The Greek, as most other aliens, is between two fires. On the one hand he

desires to cling to those traditional ways of thinking and acting which he knows in his heart to be right; yet in order to become successful in the new land he knows he must reject many of these values and accept American standards in their place.

II

Life in Greece was leisurely and seemingly unpatterned. If a man owned a business, he arrived there to open it "some time in the morning." In the afternoon, even in the cities, all the shops closed and the streets were emptied for a two-hour siesta. The men met in the *Caffenia* (Coffee House) to sip the bitter black coffee, gamble lightly, and argue politics endlessly. Leisurely argumentation was the chief hobby, and one Spartan reported that "for every 400 people in Greece there are 500 ideas." If these men did not return to their business on time, no one was surprised, because "on time" was a rather vague concept. They tried to make money, but few tried very hard—it was rather pointless to make much more than a living, because what one could spend money on was quite limited. Keeping up with the Joneses was no problem at all, because the Joneses were as poor as the rest. With no radios, automobiles, and bathroom refinements to sap their surplus earnings, the Spartans worked a few hours a day, argued away a few more, and spent the rest in modest amusements. Occasionally in the evenings they gathered at a friend's home to dance the rhythmic circle dances, sing the sentimental love ballads accompanied by a mandolin or two, drink the fiery ouzo and eat the flaky pastries arduously prepared by the women. There were many opportunities for parties because the Church calendar had approximately twenty legal holidays, days on which no one worked—the economy of Greece was not geared to a mass production 365-day year. On these

holidays and on Sundays the Greek family attended Church. The service was several hours long, nobody was expected to come on time but the priest, and even at weddings and christenings the invited wandered in at their leisure.

The average Greek had a large family and was uneasy until all its members were married. It was the duty of the father and his sons to marry off the girls of the family. The girls, who had led cloistered lives until the wedding, were approached to discuss the choice of the parent after he in turn had been approached by a *mesiti* (usually a friend or relative of the suitor who came to the girl's family to ask her hand for his client). If the girl was willing (if not, she was usually convinced) and the dowry was satisfactory to the suitor, the father would hold as ostentatious a wedding as his means would permit (and just as often one his means did not permit). It was essential that the daughters be married in order of birth, and when the youngest was married the sons could finally look for wives for themselves. With his sons and daughters well married, the old Greek and his wife could at last sit back easily, secure in the affectional and economic support of the children.

But some of these sons, the ones who did not have shops or did not work for the government, were discontented with the hard work and poor earnings of the farm and, encouraged by news of the golden streets of America, managed to scrape together enough for their passage. With a new suit and a canvas bag full of hard crusted bread and a few personal articles, they set out for the fabulous country beyond the sea. Their original idea was to stay a few years, make a fortune, then return to Greece to live.

But they did not return. They found they liked the American standard of living, the conveniences, sanitation—and

the American dollar. But they never made quite as many dollars as they expected, for they found that as fast as they earned them they would disappear for American conveniences. The former Greek farmers are now in their third decade as businessmen in America.

How have they assimilated? What elements of their culture have they retained and what American elements have they adopted? To what extent do they form a community with their fellow Greeks, and to what extent is this community cohesive? What are the conflicts for their children as a result of their foreign nationality status?

III

With these questions in mind, I visited a medium-sized American city with a strong Greek minority (I shall call it Bridgetown) and proceeded to question members of the first and second generation. Bridgetown is a modern city of 40,000 inhabitants, situated on the banks of a northeastern river. Of this population, 4,700 are foreign-born, and within this group are the 85 Greek families I sampled for my study.

The first Greeks began to trickle into Bridgetown in the early '20s, and in the middle of the decade the fifteen families of the community conducted a drive encompassing all the neighboring towns in an effort to raise funds for a Church. The drive was successful, a priest was procured, a Church built, and the Greek community officially begun. Once the Church was established, other Greeks began to move into the city, and by 1930 the official number of foreign-born Greeks was 159, forming the smallest significant minority group in the city (others being Irish, Italian, Polish, Russian, Negro). By this time several Greek societies had been started and the Greek school taught by a salaried instructor had been established.

Seventeen years later the group was well established in the city, owning the largest as well as the greatest number of restaurants in the town, and entreprenuring many other kinds of small businesses such as candy stores, poolrooms, bars, etc. Predominantly entrepreneurial, the Greeks have 40 business establishments, 24 of them restaurants. Only a half dozen Greek children are now in high school, the birth cohort of the original immigrants now (if boys) in college or business and (if girls) married or working in Greek establishments. Economically a middle-class group, there are few poor and only three or four families that might be considered moderately wealthy. Their homes are small, neat, and spread out over the city without geographical concentration.

The first thing the Spartan learned in Bridgetown was that Americans are not leisurely. He found that money could be made, but that it took long hours of arduous work. From the Americans he learned this lesson well and soon outdid them by working twelve to sixteen hours a day. Many of the bar, poolroom, and restaurant proprietors still maintain these hours—and they have learned to be punctual. Every Greek I interviewed expressed admiration for the American "system," meaning the efficiency, cleanliness, and systemization characteristic of American business. Not only has he adopted this system, but he has made at least two important concessions to it. Whereas the average Spartan attended Church as often as one hundred times per year (including Sundays) in the old country, his business in Bridgetown will allow no such absences. If he attends half this number now, he is considered quite religious, and if he is a restaurant owner his attendance is still less. On the twenty or so days that are more important Greek holidays, he does not consider closing his place of business, and on his name-

day will at the most attend Church. Second, reluctantly but swiftly he brought his wife into his business. Although such a thing was unheard of in Greece, economic necessity compelled his wife's assistance as cashier, waitress, or counter woman. There are now twenty-one men in Bridgetown who employ their wives in their establishments, and of these proprietors, seven employ their daughters.

The Spartan has all the outward material manifestations of American culture: a car, a radio, a well-equipped house and well-dressed children. He speaks with a strong accent but possesses a fluent vocabulary. He belongs to an American fraternity, contributes liberally to the Community Chest, and is a staunch believer in the American principles of democracy and freedom. But there is another side to the story. It is not difficult to discover that while the Greek has adopted most of the material (and relatively superficial) elements of American culture, he remains mentally and emotionally a Greek. While the American economy has affected his family and religion, these institutions are still undeniably distinguishable as Greek, and have been preserved with a methodical tenacity.

If the Greek does not attend Mass as frequently as formerly, he compensates in a sense by the increased economic aid and the increased social importance he gives the Church. In America the Church is not simply a religious institution as it was in Greece. It is the symbol of Greek nationality and the major institutional force which holds the community together. As such, every family stands behind it economically and morally.

In Greece the family structure was rigidly patriarchal. The husband was king of the household and his word law. Though modified by American influences, this is still substantially the case with the Bridgetown Greeks, and seems to meet

with the approval of the wives. Although the mechanics of child raising and all the immediate familial problems are left to the wife, the husband still remains the highest court from which there is no appeal. Although economic necessity has forced most of the wives into the husbands' businesses, the ideal, "A woman's place is in the home," is still maintained. Girls are taught sewing and the rudiments of cooking, and the model girl is the one who remains home learning domestic affairs and waiting for a prospective husband to come to talk to her parents.

The relationship between father and children is quite different from that in the American family, where the father ideal is that of a pal or older "buddy." The Greek father never lets the children forget that he is the ruler of the household, a position demanding respect and submission. A Greek proverb shows the rationale for this behavior: "Fear breeds respect, respect breeds love." It must not be concluded from this that Greek children are cowering servants to a demigod father, but "respect" is the key ideal in the Greek family, and the Greek parents seem to get it with a minimum of frustration from the children.

But the aspect of the family most striking and most productive of conflict lies in the essentially unchanged mores concerning dating, courtship, and marriage. Here one sees how little the Greeks have changed, for the customs observed in the Spartan villages twenty-five years ago were carried to America, rigorously enforced, and in 1947 can still be seen, battered but intact.

There is first of all a well recognized double standard. The male sex, who dominated in Greece, continue to enjoy in Bridgetown all the privileges of freedom which American males enjoy. The second-generation boys may meet with gossip and disapproval when they date American

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girls, keep late hours, etc., but the parents do or can do little to restrict them. On the other hand, the girls are carefully watched, often forbidden dates, and in general much more restricted than either American girls or Greek boys. Interesting too is the manner in which the double standard is maintained in the Church. Here, beside the more usual taboos against female participation in the actual altar service, are also other discriminatory practices. All males sit in the right half of the Church—theologically “right” is superior to “left”—while all the females sit in the pews forming the left section.

“I was 21 before I was allowed to date,” one young woman told me, “and I still am fighting for myself and for my younger sisters. My parents don’t want us to bring our American friends home and they make it so uncomfortable for us that we don’t do it. They encourage us to bring our Greek friends home, but I don’t care for the Greek girls very much.” Another said, “I couldn’t date until I was 20. I could go to the Greek dances and meet boys there but couldn’t date them. All through high school I wasn’t allowed to join clubs, go to dances, or have American friends. I had to go to the Senior Ball with my brother. I told my mother that my sister would go to all the proms that I missed, and she has.”

The latter remark seems to indicate that the restrictions are becoming more lax. This girl was forbidden to go to college though she did everything in her power to convince her parents that she should go. Her next sister, four years younger, was allowed to attend, while the youngest is now being pressed to go. “Things won’t change until the old folks go,” a girl in her middle twenties told me. “In every family it’s the oldest girl that suffers. The folks loosen up a bit after experience with her. My father wouldn’t let my older sister go to a movie alone.

He just couldn’t see it. He wouldn’t let her work either. I do both. My father asks that I don’t get in after eleven and I don’t. He doesn’t force me to, but I just make it a point to be in.”

Aside from the rigorous courtship restrictions, the Greeks also still maintain in Bridgetown the custom of matched marriages, essentially the same as in the old country, with the exception that the dowry is now seldom given. The extent of matched marriages in Bridgetown is surprisingly high and probably in few other nationality groups existing in America does the custom prevail so extensively. One girl, when asked approximately how many marriages in the community had been matched, replied, “All Greek marriages to date have been matches, and don’t let anybody kid you!”

Another girl gave me thumbnail sketches of matches that had occurred, and prefaced them with an explanation that demonstrates how little the procedure of matching has changed:

“The procedure usually is that one of the two families has the *mesiti* go talk it over with the parents first, usually just the father. If there is no opposition, the next trip brings the prospective groom to the bride’s house. If he approves of what he sees, O.K.; if not, the deal is off. Nowadays most of the prospects know each other. That eliminates a lot of embarrassing incidents.”

Among the cases she described was that of Bill Nerakis and Stoma Chios:

“Stoma comes from one of the poorest families in Bridgetown. Bill was a waiter in a local restaurant. He wanted to get married. A *mesiti* looked around and decided on Stoma. She knew nothing of all this. It was talked over first with the parents. (Prior to this there had been some sort of family trouble. Stoma jumped out the window trying to take her own life. I believe it was because she had tried

to date.) Stoma had nothing to say, so the match was made. The *mesiti* sometimes acts as best man, and I was maid of honor at the wedding. I asked her if she loved Bill. 'No,' she said. 'But he will give me my own home. That's all I care about. Maybe I'll learn to love him.' The reason I asked her this was because she was only eighteen and he was forty-eight. The marriage lasted one year. They had a child but Stoma wouldn't take it. She has since remarried a younger man, a good provider, and has two daughters. They are extremely happy. This was also a match with the exception that she dated him before she married him."

Beside the religious and the familial patterns which the Greeks of Bridgetown have successfully preserved, there are also more material cultural survivals such as food, dancing, etc. In every family, Greek cooking was preferred and predominated in the menus. Greek cooking means (aside from the purely Greek dishes) more spices, fats, and seasoning, a predominance of lamb and a great number of flaky pastries.

At community dances there is approximately one American dance to every two Greek dances. The latter type is done not with a single partner but with the entire group linked in a circle, moving together to the pronounced rhythms of mandolin, violin, and guitar. Both boys and girls of the second generation expressed a liking for Greek dancing and a dislike of the presence of adults at these affairs.

There are other less significant marks of the Spartan culture. While the younger women of the community all use makeup, there are no more than five women over forty who do. There are also four women who have been wearing bereavement clothes for an average of fifteen years following the death of their husbands, after a custom of old Greece.

IV

I interviewed a good many families in my study, and typical of the viewpoint of many are the Xenides. They are very close to the top of the Greek American social ladder. An early Spartan emigrant, Louis Xenides was the main influence in the founding of the Church, has remained for over twenty years one of its most important officials, and maintains a very prosperous wholesale business in the center of the city. Mrs. Xenides has for many years been president of the *Philo-tokos* Women's Society and has been active in all communal enterprises. The two sons are in college, the daughter in high school. The Xenides home is indicative of the upper middle class position they maintain (in relation to the total American community). It is an old but relatively large house, perhaps overfurnished.

Mrs. Xenides is a pleasant appearing, quiet mannered woman in her fifties. "People on the other side are poor but more happy," she told me. "Here people live like machines, working twelve to fourteen hours a day. I don't know why my husband works so here. If he was in Greece, he would sit in the coffee houses and talk. Here it's always the business."

"I don't like the American drinking habits. You can see women at the bars, and they even sometimes bring their children. Over there drinking was a family affair. Food and drink went together. Here everybody goes their own way, the boys go out together, the girls go out; there we did things together. Here the family has recreation together only on some Sundays. In Greece the children are not given so much freedom, and in the Church and school they are taught respect and obedience to their parents. That way the parents' word is law and the family sticks together more."

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Mrs. Xenides objects strongly to her son dating American girls. She does not distinguish dating from marriage to any appreciable degree and believes that marrying a girl of another culture with different ways of cooking and thinking would prove disastrous to her son.

Mr. Xenides minimized the differences between the Greeks and Americans, though on the whole he believed Greeks more law-abiding, more respectful toward the laws of home and country, less hard drinking than Americans.

Spiros Aniphondis, on the other hand, a young energetic man of 45 who serves as a waiter and manager of a large restaurant in the shopping district, believes American ways of living "perfect." "When a girl or boy is of age (18)," he said, "he should be allowed to make up his own mind concerning his dates, his friends, and his affairs. Before this time he should be held down to a certain degree, but not so much as some of the Greeks here do. Then it is like keeping an animal in captivity for many years and suddenly giving him his freedom. He runs wild. In America the children have their school and their associations to help them make up their minds about their own behavior. The parents should not try to do all the thinking for them.

"Because of common language, religion, and background, I think Greek boys and girls should intermarry. The chances are that much better of having a happy marriage. When the time comes for my children to marry, I shall try to explain this to them logically and to persuade them, but if they don't want to there is nothing we can do about it. In America it is only natural that they meet more Americans than Greeks and build up friendships accordingly.

"The reason Greeks work so much harder here than they did in Greece and than Americans do is this: They came

here with nothing and with the intention of making money. They worked like slaves and once they got money they wanted to keep it, so they keep on working. Also they came with the handicap of being foreigners, not knowing the language, etc., have always felt a little self-conscious and have worked harder to compensate for it. I never see my family but on Sundays. When I leave and when I return, they are in bed. But what can you do?"

Another family, Mr. and Mrs. Salipos, live in the clean well-kept upper story of a two-family house. They both work long hours in their small restaurant in the center of town, and give the impression of being very thrifty. In their early fifties, both expressed a strong favorable attitude toward American business methods, efficiency, sanitation, democracy; while regarding with disfavor most of the American family mores. Mr. Salipos has been in America almost thirty-five years and after his first twelve years here returned to Greece to marry Mrs. Salipos.

"When I first come here, I didn't want my wife to work in the store," Mr. Salipos told me. "For six years she stay home, but then I think maybe we better save the mayah [literally "yeast," freely, "capital," "workable savings"]. No, I still don't like her to work in the store. Over there when the man come home from work he say to the wife, 'Give me a glass of water and make some *crasata* (wine cakes),' but now if I ask for a glass of water, she say, 'Whattsa matter, you a cripple?'

"Is good here. Wife is like partner. We work together, I tell her everything. In Greece was no that way because we don't worry so much about the money. Here the money is important to pay the gas, the rent, so the wife is partner. Still I like to have the glass of water when I want!

"We work hard here but we see the money. In America if you honest and

work hard you make money and get ahead. In Greece unless you know somebody in the politics you never make the money. Over there every time the parties change the prices change, the taxes change; it makes no difference if you are good or bad; you can never be sure you gonna get ahead over there.

"Is good business to mix with the Americans. You can no fool the people either. You gotta be friends and give them the best you can. That's the way to get ahead. I read the local paper and I read the National Business Monthly. I read two Greek papers too.

"I like the democracy. You live free and nobody bothers you. If you wear a dirty shirt or a clean shirt, it makes no difference. Everybody's the same.

"I think I have more American friends than Greek. When I meet a Greek, I say, 'Kolostone!' (Greetings!). But when I meet an American I know, I stop and talk. No, I don't visit the Greek or American houses.

"I don't have preference for a neighbor. If I'm good, he's gonna be good to me whether he's Greek, American, or Jew. I never see any prejudice against the Greeks since I am in America. The only time I feel a little inferior is because I cannot speak the language very good."

Mrs. Salipos joined in. "I like very much the American system," she said. "On time and very clean. Here I have a day for washing, for baking, for cleaning. Over there any time is all right. Here we open the store on time every morning and close the same time every night. In Greece the small shopkeepers didn't care when they opened or closed. In Bridgetown the Greeks have to be on time in their businesses, but they don't care most of them what time they get to Church, or to parties or appointments. I do not like this. I like to be places on time.

"Over there every other day was a

holiday. On these days sometimes we go to Church but never work. It was a sin to work and everybody took the day off. When everybody else does it, you gotta do it too. After all, when I hear the Church bells ringing outside my window, I can't do my laundry! But here is no like holiday. All the stores are open and we have to stay open too. No, I don't think it is a sin now. Now we keep the American holidays. All the stores are closed, and I feel from the heart that it is a holiday. If Greek Easter comes the same time as American Easter, we close the store. If it comes different, we keep open like the Americans."

Then she grew critical. "I do not like the way the Americans bring up the children. The children are too free. I do not like the way the father pays them to cut his lawn and trim the hedges. I do not like them to pay the mother room and board. I like the Greek way of turning all the wages over to the father. Why? Because he has to pay the dowry and buy clothes and other things for the girls when they get married." (When I asked, "Do you think this is the real reason?" she said, "Well, I think it is more that the father is to be respected as the head of the family and the children should pay what they get to him.")

"I like the American women," she went on. "They are good and sensible. I have several American friends and enjoy going to their homes. But if I had a daughter, I no send her to college. It spoils the girl. They belong in the home, to get married. In Greece they learn to sew and cook in the school."

Quite a different reaction came from Mrs. Vasilos. The Vasilos are a Spartan family of six, somewhat looked down upon because of the freedom allowed the girls. Mrs. Vasilos is a handsome woman in her late forties. She speaks slowly as if attempting to be precise, but her vocabu-

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lary is quite limited and the English words bear a strong Greek accent. Her attire is modern, her fingernails manicured, her face powdered and slightly rouged. She came to America from Sparta at the age of nineteen, from a fairly well-to-do family composed of eight sisters.

"In Greece I never knew when the troopers going to stop me," she told me. "One day a soldier think he heard me say the name of the old king and they take me away to jail. Things like this happen all the time. Always we live in fear. Every minute they stop you to question, to make you guilty of something.

"Even in the home there was always fear. My father was like God. I was afraid to look in his eyes. I never spoke to a boy before I was married. One day my father come and say, 'You gonna marry this boy.' I could say nothing; I was afraid he would kill me. When I was sick, I was afraid to tell my mother. Here is no like that. We all love each other and there is no fear.

"There they always worry about the prika (dowry). This make jealousy and trouble in the family. The children do things behind the back, but here we don't worry about that. My girls are like sisters. They tell me everything. I want my daughters to have all the fun they can have, but good fun. I never had any. I want them to mix with the American boys. I like them to marry Greek boys but I let them make up their mind themselves.

"Here the children obey better because there is love in the home. There too much fear and bad words in the family. The children look after themselves better here. They are more independent and learn to look for their own future. There the father do everything.

"I like the Americans very much. 75 per cent of my friends are American. What nationality neighbor would I like?

Anybody but the Greek. They are too superstitious. They talk and gossip all the time. If they see me talk to a man, they think I am bad and they talk.

"I go to the Church and to the weddings and sometimes to the parties, but I don't go to their houses much. When I go to a Greek house and I come back, I feel that my heart is full of hate and sadness. They criticize too much. When I come back from American house, I feel full of pep and happiness.

"Last year I join the Red Cross and I help to make the bandages and I help in the hospital. I marched in the parade with the women in the Red Cross. The Greek people they hate me for it. They say I try to be too big and I try to show off. They say we all have to stick together. They don't talk to me, a lot of them. Things like that happen every day.

"I like the American way. The husband take the wife to dinner and to the movies. My husband don't take me to the movies for 15 years. He give me the money but he no take me. Always they think of the business.

"No, I never notice any feeling against me because I am Greek. I think people more interested in me because of my nationality. They interview me for the paper one time to ask me about Greece. All the ladies in the Red Cross they come around to talk to me when they hear I am from the other side. Another time they take my picture because they say my nose is like Aphrodite. All the Americans are very good to me."

V

It is apparent that the first-generation Greeks in Bridgetown have in general (metaphorically speaking) only changed their clothing, donned the external symbols of American culture: that is, the standard of living, the systematic and efficient techniques of business, the nom-

inal membership in American organizations, the annual contributions to civic enterprises. But these are simply new trappings covering an old core of beliefs and sentiments which remain essentially unchanged.

If the Bridgetown Greeks were now living in an average urban environment in Greece, we would see a remarkable difference. We would see the national dances not as they are in Bridgetown, performed at least alternately with American dances, but only on special festive or commemorative occasions. Tangoes, fox trots, and even jitterbugging are now the standard dances in Greece. The typical father in Greece does not "arrange" the marriage of his daughter, and neither does he restrict her activities to the extent that his brother does in Bridgetown. What has happened is this: In Greece the culture has progressed normally and unconsciously, so that it closely resembles the general European or even American culture in many social respects. But the culture of the Bridgetown Greeks is the same culture that they carried with them three decades ago. Self-conscious in a strange land, they have guarded their customs and mores with almost a fanatical zeal. Social progress to the man in Greece is to be taken for granted, but to the man in Bridgetown, every concession to progress is a concession to Americanism. Preserving his nationality has become the ultimate end to the Bridgetown Greek (whereas the native Greek does not have to think about it at all), and since all the elements of his culture that he brought with him are associated with his nationality, he has clung to them with what might be considered a death grip.

So the old Greek now arrives at his Bridgetown place of business "on the dot," conducts his affairs with enviable thrift and efficiency, but he still loves

to throw a splashy wedding reception beyond his means for his "match-married" daughter, and will arrive at the ceremony at his leisure. In preserving for himself the core of Greek culture, the first-generation Greek of Bridgetown has not, as have many immigrants, withdrawn within his own group to the extent of incurring the enmity of the larger American community. Instead, he seems to have arrived at an effective *via media*. In Bridgetown the stereotype of the Greek is of a friendly, law-abiding, hard-working businessman who minds his own business and contributes to community drives. The Bridgetown Greeks seem to have adopted just enough (and no more) of American culture—enough to have them accepted and respected in the American community and not enough to endanger the core of Greek culture which they manage to insist upon without its becoming annoyingly apparent to the general American community. They still think and expect their children to think "The Greek Way."

How they have achieved their end, by psychologically and structurally forming a functioning community centered around their Church, and how the second generation reacts to that community and culture and its pressures will be explored in later articles.

This is part of a larger study of the Bridgetown Greek Americans by J. Mayone Stycos, who was graduated from Princeton University last June. Other sections will follow in later issues of CG, and there will eventually be a book from the material. Mr. Stycos is now in Puerto Rico as part of a Princeton-staffed population research group working under the Social Science Research Center at the University of Puerto Rico.

KIDNAPPED BY A DREAM

ISABEL CURRIER

DAGO JIMMY," the Italian road-worker who was my friend during the third summer of my life, has no connection in my mind with a vivid memory of the delightful June night when my sister and I were kidnapped by a dream. But memory is very mutable when other people share it. It is like a tapestry on which many people weave a section of life's pattern so that one person takes up another's thread without knowing it and carries on the design.

We were discussing memories—as families do when they have reunions as adults. "The first thing I remember is the night of June 24th, the month after I was three, when Ruth and I ran away to Fairyland," I said.

"Don't you remember Jimmy, the Italian?" Mother asked in some astonishment. "You spent all of the time you could with him for weeks before that, and the night you disappeared I thought he had kidnapped you, God forgive me!"

My mother is an imaginative woman of long and accurate memory. ("It was 40 years ago today," she will say, "but on a Monday instead of a Friday that old Mrs. Helen moved away to Montana. Your father had gone up Pine Mountain and picked a bushel of blueberries and I had them to can, besides trying to help poor Mrs. Helen. . . .") So, when my mother told me that "Dago Jimmy" was concerned in my trustful expedition to Fairyland, I was obliged to retrace and expand my earliest memory because, of course, I do remember Jimmy.

"It was my rash judgment of that poor Italian," Mother went on, "that cured me of distrusting people just because they were foreigners. But you would disappear in a second, the minute my back was turned. You were so crazy about horses that you'd run away at sight of one, and you'd make friends with anyone who showed you the least attention. What's more, you'd drag Ruth into all sorts of adventures with you, although she was the older, and timid besides. I was at my wits' end trying to keep sight of the pair of you because I was doing dressmaking as well as keeping the house."

I don't recall my first meeting with "Dago Jimmy." (We never knew another name for him.) He was one of a gang of workmen from out of town who came to repair the Glen Road, just beyond our house in Gorham, New Hampshire. They came with four-horse teams and I immediately ran away from our fenced-in doorway to go and see the horses. My passion for horses was all bound up with my worship for my father. He was one of the few men in town who could drive six- or eight-horse teams. He once drove a 12-horse team—a spectacular feat, indeed. My father used to be in charge of all the horses in Libby's Barn and handling horses was the work he loved. ("I quit to go on the railroad the day you were born," Father says. "I decided I had to do *something* to make sure of taking care of all those women.") During his years of apprenticeship as a fireman,

COMMON GROUND

there wasn't always enough work on the railroad to keep him busy, so he also continued to help out at Libby's Barn, where there were over 40 horses. He had taken me up to see them as soon as I was able to toddle, and thereafter I went with him when I could and ran away to go alone when he failed to take me. On one of my solitary visits to the barn Mr. Walter Libby discovered me ecstatically running down the long tunnel made by the legs of 40 horses, ranged side by side on the barn floor tie-up. The week prior to that I had been found asleep in the feed box of an allegedly vicious stallion who, however, nuzzled me softly and guarded me so fiercely the workmen had difficulty in getting me out. So Mr. Libby, in person, escorted me home from the barn and, at once trembling and profane with fright, exhorted my mother to keep me tied, if necessary, to avoid my being maimed or murdered by his horses. (I was maimed for life by a horse in my tenth year, but that's another story.) Meanwhile, horses remained the creatures which I loved best. And in order to make friends among their kind I was driven to whatever chance assignations came my way among the equipages forming the traffic of Glen Street and the Glen Road.

I am sure that I visited the road construction gang within a few minutes of their arrival on Glen Street. I recall that I managed to finagle a ride on the wagon seat of one of the four-horse teams. And I remember that Jimmy, a young and handsome Italian with a flashing smile which revealed teeth as white and beautiful as my father's, was the one who used sometimes to lift me laughingly onto a horse's back and laughingly hug and kiss me before setting me onto the ground again. "My leeta woman baby justa lika you," Jimmy would tell me. He also sang my name in a voice like the church bell: "I-sa-bel-la, I-sa-bel-la, bel-

la," he would sing. The other men would look and listen, some of them occasionally smiling and joining in. Jimmy was well liked by his fellow workers. I loved him, quite simply and naturally, for the simple and natural reason that he loved me. I imagine now that he loved all little creatures, for he was that kind of man.

Jimmy used to share his lunch with me. I have no idea where he lived—prob-



ably in Berlin, six miles distant, a paper manufacturing town where there was some Italian American population. He used to bring his lunch in a tin bucket and it always included onions, of which I was fond, as well as fresh fruit, which I seldom saw. Usually Jimmy gave me a banana, an orange, or an apple. "Hungry?" he would ask, and I would nod greedily. I was always hungry. "I'm a hunger for a kees," he would hint, smiling. "No leeta woman baby here to keesa me." So I willingly sold my kisses for a part of Jimmy's lunch, feeling it more than a fair exchange because I liked his kisses as well as the fruit.

Once or twice I recall that Jimmy

stopped his work and, taking me by the hand, led me to my own gate and sternly told me not to come back to the work until lunch time. I presume I was in danger as well as in the way and that he took care of me. The other men took for granted that I was Jimmy's special charge and once, when I stood under a dump cart about to release its load of gravel, several men called: "Jimmy, Jimmy, come and take care of this kid."

Some of the people in Gorham, unused to the regular invasion of strangers, clucked and chattered about how grown people—let alone children—could hardly be safe in their beds with foreigners working in town. My mother thanked Jimmy for leading me to the gate one day and emphatically ordered me not to go back to where the men were working again. But next day I was back. Aside from being a disobedient child, I was one who felt that the admonitions of adults were often unreasonable. Therefore, something which I was forbidden to do today might be only a whim and I would be free to do it again tomorrow. Since we children always made a fascinated audience for any activity on Glen Street, sometimes running errands and doing small chores, I am sure I saw no reason why I shouldn't "help" the Italian workmen to rebuild the road.

Mother tells me that she heard from neighbors how Jimmy fondled and caressed me. Once, a passer-by heard him say to me, teasingly: "You wanta be my leeta woman baby, too? You wanta go liva weet me?" I was used to that kind of love talk from my own uncles and my parents' friends. To my young femininity it meant simply that I was a lovable being, a fact which, although I was already convinced of it myself, I never tired of hearing repeated. I had no idea that grownups feared "foreigners," however friendly and affectionate, as evil beings who might

molest girl children, particularly, in shocking ways.

Children never tell adults the true facts of their life—not to spare the grown-ups pain, but because it would be impossible to make them know and understand people as children know them. I was shockingly molested as a little child—as I suppose many children were—but it was at the hands of respected townsmen and boys. When a big boy in our neighborhood took off all my clothes in the cornfield to see how I was made, I resented it only because he insulted me by the presumption that I was not big enough, at almost three, to take off my own clothes without help. But when a grown man, given to solitude and to surreptitious offers of money and candy to little girls, offered me five nickels to go into his woodshed with him, I fled in terror and never dreamed of telling my parents about it. My parents seemed to like and respect the man when he came to our house. I could not explain why I had been afraid to go into his woodshed with him—other than that it was dark in there and I did not like the man. He was as unlike "Dago Jimmy"—neighbor though he was—as a cesspool is unlike a leaping mountain brook. But Jimmy's unconcealed love for a little girl (like his own) was suspect, while our respected fellow townsman's secret viciousness was unimaginable in the adult world of Gorham.

"Other neighbors kept their children away from the Italian workmen," Mother said, "and I worried more about you because there was no one we knew around to keep watch of you, among all those strange men. Your father put a lock on the gate and I kept constant watch that you didn't climb the fence, to keep you away from that Jimmy. Then I worried more because he came to the gate once to ask if you were sick, saying he had missed

you. He brought you a bag of candy and the neighbors convinced me it was probably drugged or poisoned, so I threw it away and wouldn't let you have it."

It seems that the road construction on Glen Street ended on June 24th, and I hung, howling, on the fence, watching my friend Jimmy go away forever. He blew kisses at me from the road and sang, "I-sa-bel-la, I-sa-bel-la, bel-la."

"Come back, Jimmy," I howled.

"I come a back," he called. "Come a back, taka you riding."

His warm and sunny heart never felt the wound of the dark meaning given to his gallantry toward me, I hope.

My mother always treated my sister and me to a bedtime story. (She had bought "Shakespeare for Children" for us from a traveling book peddler. It was a reckless extravagance, for the book cost six dollars, as much as my father earned in a week. She paid for it on the installment plan by doing up her brothers' shirts for pay to earn the extra money. In like fashion, she bought Andersen and Grimm for us; and with these to inspire her, the inventiveness of her own mind gathered momentum in entertaining us for years.) For that day, the 24th of June, she chose the story of the great festival given each Midsummer Night by Titania, the Queen of the Fairies. On Midsummer Night, which was the 24th of June, Titania gathered not only the members of her court, but also good and gay little children together, to let them know the wonders of Fairyland for a night. The great dance was held with breezes for music and wings to lighten the feet. It was a wondrous and unforgettable experience, and all children who took part in it carried it in their hearts forever.

Mother tucked my sister and me into the two little twin spool beds, painted

a baby blue, that were our own. It was not yet dark and as soon as Mother left the room, my sister came into my bed. She was an invalid child and I was a rudely strong and healthy one. At night she had many fears, and to quiet them she got into my bed, thinking that I was



so strong and unafraid that if she were near me, sickness or terror couldn't touch her. When she clung to me at night, I was very tender toward her, whispering secrets and planning great things. By day, I was a different being—one whose superior strength was turned to domination and brutality. My fearlessness was more than a little simulated—a boastful sort of exhibitionism designed to aggrandize me beside my sister's cringing timidity.

That night we clung together in my blue bed, talking about what we should do if we might be invited to the great Midsummer Night's festival in Fairyland. It was I—the bold one—who was struck by the marvelous idea. "We could go," I told my sister. "It's tonight. Mama said so. We could ask The Queen to come and get us."

We both slipped out of bed, got onto our knees, although we had said our

prayers before Mother put us in bed, and addressed ourselves in a whispered duet to Titania. "Please, Queen of the Fairies, let us go to your party," we begged. "We'll be good and if you'll show us how, we can fly and dance all night."

Back in bed again we waited, wide-eyed in the deepening twilight, seeing a fairy guide in the shadow of a leaf from the trees outside cast upon the nursery floor; hearing a fairy voice in the mysterious night rustles and insect murmurs that drifted in from the evening. But we grew weary with waiting and fell asleep, hands clasped together, and the fairies had not come to fetch us to the ball.

Both of us seemed to waken simultaneously to see nothing but purple darkness beyond the windows and to listen to the sleeping stillness of our house and our entire neighborhood. My sister whis-



pered to me, "Do you think the fairies will come?"

"Let's go out where they can find us," I whispered back.

There was some argument, which was settled by my getting out of bed and

threatening my sister with going off to Fairyland, leaving her, a frightened Cinderella, all alone. She scurried after me. We groped our way to the hall and my sister, who always took tender care of me when I permitted it—cruel though I was to her—put me next to the banister and held my hand on the other side, since I was so small that I sometimes stumbled on stairs. Together we crept to the lower front hall and stood, listening, sensing that our parents, who slept on the ground floor, would be opposed to this midnight journey.

But the deep sounds of sleep were all that we could hear as we tiptoed through the parlor and the living room, past our parents' open bedroom door, and into the kitchen. The door stood wide open to the June night, as was the custom in our little town, but the screen door was hooked and I was not tall enough to reach the hook. My sister managed it, after fumbling on tiptoe. We opened the screen door softly, mindful of its creak, and closed it again. Then we stood upon the side porch, holding hands, blinking at a starlit darkness such as we had never seen before except on Christmas Eve, when we went to our grandparents' house, with snow upon the ground and early night twinkling like Santa's eyes.

We had stood there some time and Titania had not come, when I suggested that fairies didn't wear clothes, and we'd better take off our nightgowns. My sister had to help me with the buttons which fastened my nightgown in back as high as my neck. We slipped our gowns off and stood, naked and expectant, noticing that the moon made a path of light straight to our rope swings.

My father had built a wooden cross-arm to erect two rope swings, one on each side, at the end of our yard. The finger of moonlight pointed to them, telling us that little girls who wanted to

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fly like the fairies might begin by swinging high.

Together we toddled down the path of moonlight to the swings. My sister had to help me climb onto mine standing. Although it was low, I had never felt tall enough, until then, to step upon it. Then she gave me a push, and I agreed to refrain from pumping up speed on my swing until she got an equal start. Once we were swinging high, we would take wing and fly off to Fairyland to arrive at the festival in plenty of time.

My mother always had a habit of waking from sleep and touring her children's rooms to make sure that they were tucked in and safe. She awoke this night and, sleepily, crept up the stairs to make her routine checkup. The moonlight sifted into our room and revealed, to her horrified eyes, two empty little blue beds with the covers tumbled as if by haste and violence.

She says she never remembered flying down the stairs and waking my father, rigid and breathless with conviction of disaster. "I know that man kidnapped them," she sobbed. "It's that 'Dago Jimmy.' Everybody warned me about the way he watched for Isabel!"

My father hurriedly slipped into his trousers. Mother ran through the house to check the open doors and windows. The unlocked screen door in the kitchen was discovered at once, and by the time my father reached the kitchen, she had rushed onto the porch, ready to arouse the neighborhood to join in searching for her kidnapped daughters. But again she was paralyzed with horror at the sight of the two discarded nightgowns. It was my father whose eyes followed the path of moonlight first, but he rubbed his eyes to make sure he was seeing clearly. Two naked and wraithlike small girls, hair flying behind them, swung in the path of moonlight, intently and purposefully,

poised on their bare toes and ready for the take-off.

I recall my deep relief at having been discovered. We had been swinging for some time; the fairies had not come for us; we had not taken wing; the hour and the excitement had exhausted me. Going back to bed provided a double escape. I was saved from having to make good my boast to my sister that I could start to fly by jumping from the swing in mid-air; she need never know that I was as timid as she about taking the first leap which would send me off a-flying. And it was wonderful to bask in the strange mood of our parents. They were not censorious or angry; they laughed a great deal and fondled us a great deal, each in turn, while they took us down from the swings, replaced our nightgowns, and carried us upstairs to tuck us in again.

"Kidnapped by a dream, you were," Mother says reminiscently. "And so was I, about that man in the road gang. It beats all understanding how people will believe in fairy tales, whether they're three or thirty. I suppose," she adds, speaking directly to me, "that now you'll be telling about your baptism on the day of your birth, as your earliest memory, offering as proof the fact that you were an eye witness."

"But I do remember 'Dago Jimmy,'" I protest. "I remember what he looked like—he was a handsome man—and I remember the sound of his voice. . . ."

"We should stop calling him 'Dago Jimmy'—God help him, wherever and whoever he is," says Mother. "Of course we knew no better than to give people such nicknames when we were young, but we should know better now."

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RESULTS IN PRIZE CONTEST

FIRST prize in the Common Council contest for the best editorial in a foreign-language newspaper in the United States on the subject of overcoming group prejudice has been won by *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, Italian daily of New York. The second prize went to *Svoboda*, Ukrainian daily of Jersey City, and the third prize to *Dielli*, Albanian weekly of Boston. The judges also gave four honorable mentions to *El Sol*, Spanish weekly of San Bernardino, California; *Everybody's Daily*, Polish daily of Buffalo; *France-Amerique*, French weekly of New York City; and *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold*, German daily of New York.

Last Spring, the Common Council for American Unity offered prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 for the best foreign-language editorials on overcoming group prejudice. The contest closed on July 4th. Editorials were submitted by newspapers published in 15 different languages. They came from all sections of the country, Massachusetts to California and Wisconsin to Texas. A distinguished panel of judges included Seymour Berkson, general manager of the International News Service; Erwin D. Conham, editor of *The Christian Science Monitor* and first vice-president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors; Earl G. Harrison, dean, University of Pennsylvania Law School; Alvin Johnson, president emeritus, New School for Social Research; Anne O'Hare McCormick, of *The New York Times*;

and Elmo Roper, director, *Fortune Survey of Public Opinion*.

The judges reached their decisions without knowing the language or authorship of the editorials, each editorial entered in the contest having been identified by number only. After reading each editorial, in the English translation made by the papers themselves, the judges voted for the three best. The seven receiving the highest number of points were then the subject of reconsideration and final vote.

In the winning editorial, *Il Progresso* stressed the idea that America's true greatness lies in the unity of our varied population and that manifestations of racial prejudice are a way of arming our enemies.

"The basic source of America's natural strength," it contends, "lies in the unity, not only of its geographical sections and forty-eight States, but above all of its component human elements of diverse national, racial, and religious origins. Here is a rich variety of cultures, ideals, ideas, talents, capacities, and aspirations mingled and merged into one new and distinct national and social pattern. This is America! Here is the why and wherefore of our nation's unity, vitality, accomplishments, and bright prospects for progress. And by the same token, here is the most dangerously vulnerable spot in the body-politic of the American people. Those who would divide our country along the lines of color, creed, or national

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origin would ruin its present and future. What we have done in America in welding under one banner and common ideals men and women from all climes, of all creeds and colors, is a model for older continents—for a world in despair and misery. To spread bigotry in our midst, to peddle anti-Semitism, to discriminate against human beings because of the color of their skin, or to put economic or social handicaps against someone because he speaks with an accent or happened to be born in another land is the surest way of undermining America and tearing her asunder beyond repair.

"Whether they realize it or not, that is precisely the fatal blow some inhabitants of our country are striking against America when they resort to race hatred, to hostility toward their countrymen of a different faith, and to petty persecution and disgusting discrimination against those who may have been born in Italy or the Ukraine, or whose accent may not be Yankee-pure or of crystal-clear below-the-Mason-and-Dixon line variety. When such bigots engage in their thoroughly un-American propaganda and practices, they not only hurt some particular individuals at home but injure beyond measure the good name and moral prestige of the whole American people abroad.

"In Italy, in France, in England, in China and in Latin America the main weapon, the most effective argument of the demagogues against the United States, is the manifestation of race prejudice in this country. Of course, individuals of this ilk engage in terrible slanders and exaggerations. Yet even the slightest manifestation of race hatred in our country is an opening for dangerous infection, since it provides just the fuel demanded by those who want to inflame world opinion against our nation. It must be frankly stated that throughout Europe and the Old World the most sinister and

telling method of discrediting America's motives and policies is the pointing of a finger of guilt at our nation for abominable crimes like lynching or reprehensible economic and social practices based on racial or national prejudices and antagonisms in the United States.

"With even the best democratic foreign policy, America will never be able to win the peoples of other lands for world reconstruction and peace as long as we do not seriously set about to uproot every vestige and discard every practice of race hatred, religious prejudice, and national discrimination at home. . . .

"Our schools, churches, labor unions, cultural bodies, press, and radio must be aroused and mobilized for an unceasing drive against this ghastly blight on the good name of our nation—against this serious, but not insuperable, obstacle to America's fulfilling its historic destiny."

Svoboda, Ukrainian daily, winner of the second prize, appeals to new-stock Americans to shed the prejudices brought over from their countries of origin:

"It is a fact that national, racial, religious, social, and other prejudices constitute one of the greatest barriers on the road to progress. It is also a fact that these prejudices exist in a greater or lesser degree among all of us. They exist on 'Main Street.' They exist among old-stock Americans. And they exist as well among the new-stock Americans. Ukrainians, Russians, Poles, Czechs, Greeks, Italians, Jews, and all the others who in the last decades emigrated to the United States brought with them many of their own prejudices. They could not free themselves wholly from these prejudices even after becoming full-fledged citizens of the United States. Moreover, some of them attempt to transfer these to the younger generation. Taking advantage of all the liberties assured them by the Constitution, which was founded on the

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principle that all men are created free and equal, many of them, nonetheless, would deny these liberties and rights to others. . . . Among Americans of Old-World background these prejudices are mostly 'historical,' based on the mistakes or injustices of their ancestors. But in America they not only cannot have any justification but, on the contrary, their removal would help to remedy and destroy them in the countries of their origin.

"America was built by the common efforts of various ethnic groups and continues to depend on these efforts. The customs and cultures represented and practiced by these groups, the wide scale of rights, and the complete freedom and equality guaranteed here by the Constitution, as well as the variety of races, religions, and ancestries of American citizens, have made of this country a wonderful mosaic and actually a world in itself. There is no language in the world which cannot be heard in this country; there are not many customs which cannot be seen here; there are no temples of worship which cannot be found here. . . .

"In the preservation of various cultures and religious faiths, in the practicing of various customs and traditions, group 'ghettos' must be avoided. The needs, the sympathies, the desires, the abilities, in short the problems of every American citizen must be the concern of America itself, and, conversely, the problems of America must be the concern of every American citizen. Prejudices still existing among various groups of American citizens can be removed by goodwill, by the understanding of our mutual interests and needs. Common social affairs and celebrations, knowledge and deep interest in one another's national characteristics, mutual action in each other's interest, mutual aid for each other's national institutions and organizations, goodwill and co-operation

in all fields of endeavor—these do not weaken single groups but on the contrary they strengthen them in every respect. Moreover, every group must carefully avoid any such action which might hurt the feelings, the respect, or the interest of another group.

"The strengthening of the American concept of freedom and the complete obliteration of intolerance and prejudices of all groups are today indispensable not only in this country but in all other countries as well. Only America is able to safeguard the freedom, peace, and prosperity of the world. First of all, however, she must show this world 'practical evidence that we are able to put our own house in order.' We must strengthen our Democracy and demonstrate to all other nations that freedom is the best means for unity and progress, for peace and prosperity. Complete tolerance, co-operation of the racial, ethnic, and religious groups of America, may induce the countries of their origin to reconsider their relations and take steps accordingly."

In the editorial that won third prize, Dielli, Albanian weekly, finds the principal sources of prejudice in the myth of racial superiority and in religious differences. "The greatest prejudice," it asserts, "springs from false racial pride, the kind of pride which has no basis, like the superiority of the old-stock American over the immigrant, the Albanian over the Greek, the Italian over the French, and so on. Some so-called sociologists maintain that there are differences among races. Some are inferior, some superior. This false theory was elaborated by Hitler in asserting the superiority of the German race over others. . . . All races of mankind suffer from this contagious disease."

In conclusion, the editorial points out some of the things people must realize in order to overcome prejudice, among them: "There are no superior or inferior

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... We must not hate people we do not know. . . . When we meet a bad character, we must not conclude that his whole race is bad. We must not ridicule the customs of a race or group simply because they are unlike ours. They are deeply rooted in the traditions and localities from which people come. . . . Every religion should be given the same respect as that given to the one we profess. . . . Nobody is bad because of his religion, race, color, or nationality. . . . We must not condemn before ascertaining the facts."

The variety of topics discussed was a feature of the contest. In its editorial, awarded honorable mention, *El Sol* of San Bernardino dealt with segregated schools in California and Governor Warren's approval of legislation aimed against such discrimination.

"With the signing of the anti-segregation bill," its editorial states, "Governor Warren has let the rest of the nation know, especially those states where an FEPC is not operating, that public schools are truly public schools and not centers for the exclusive use of this or that group of citizens. . . . The fact is that in our so-called civilized state Mexican American children are sent to special schools in their own neighborhoods, commonly designated as 'Mexican schools.' How stupid to refer to a public school in California as a 'Mexican school' when it should be of common knowledge that Mexican schools are functioning in Mexico.

"The acceptance by Governor Warren of legislation concerning this vital problem indicated that the so-called 'dominant' group have at last come to understand that the correct way of learning to live in a truly democratic society is by demonstrating to our children—our youth—that the act of being born is a mere incident, not punishable by the degradation of one citizen as against another. It

is in the schools where customs and social habits are formed. It is in such sacred places in civilized nations where one should start learning to respect the dignity of man. . . .

"If my brother is unworthy and sins against society, my brother should be punished according to his acts; but if my brother is a decent individual, a respected and respectable citizen, it is criminal to abuse him because he is my brother and not a member of the privileged class that believes itself endowed with the power to direct and to dominate our lives. He who punishes another man only because he believes that he has been differently conceived is a fool that has not learned that man is born not of his own choosing."

In another editorial which won honorable mention, *France-Amerique*, New York French weekly, notes the exceptional position of our country:

"The United States today," it says, "whatever the defects and the imperfections we have to correct, is foremost among the nations of the world in putting into action the widest tolerance and liberty in all its forms. 'Is there another nation which has caused so few scandals to Reason and Humanity in two centuries?' wrote Jules Romains recently. Before discussing the means to combat group prejudice, it is of capital importance to recognize this exceptional position of the United States. To fail to do so would be false humility. . . . We have seen all too often the defense of minorities serve as pretext for the defamation of the majority; the struggle against prejudice becomes a means to sow and to spread new forms of intolerance.

"A second principle, equally important, is to avoid negative formulas. It is not sufficient to be against anti-Semitism, against lynchings. Some of the latest books and pamphlets have not gone beyond preaching hatred for the hate-

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mongers, as if two hatreds had as much value as one love. The fight against intolerance will be effective only if it becomes the expression of a faith—of a positive and constructive moral attitude.

"We believe the only true solution to be a nationwide effort of education and information. This effort should base itself on two fundamental notions, the first one being that of the *American man*. Children and adults should be taught that tolerance and freedom from prejudice of all kinds are foremost American characteristics. It is universally recognized that, as far as material civilization is concerned, the American is machine-minded; on a moral level, tolerance should become his essential quality, a 'symbol' of Americanism.

"The second notion to start working upon is that of *American greatness*. This greatness stems in large measure from the multiplicity of languages, races, cultures, and creeds assimilated by this vast continent. This diversity in the composition of our population should be felt by children and adults as a source of strength, rather than as a source of division and weakness. . . .

"A society without strife and without hatred can exist only when each citizen, individually, will have the deep and intimate revelation of the essential fraternity of men—of the intrinsic value of the human person. Intolerance and group prejudice—and war—will be finally banished from this world only when all men and all nations shall discover the Law which goes beyond the fate of the individual and the frontiers of all Fatherlands."

Everybody's Daily, Polish daily of Buffalo, awarded honorable mention also, contends: "Intolerance is our enemies' most deadly weapon. . . . It is their wish that we despise each other because of the

color of our skins, or because of our religious beliefs, or because of our origin or simply because we have a foreign sounding name. . . . That is why every true American, every one who feels he is a part of our great American nation, must fight this danger."

It stresses three steps in this fight: "Inculcate in the minds of our people the great truth—'that all men are created equal.' . . . Punish those who disseminate hate. . . . Publicly combat all incidents where discrimination on the grounds of nationality, race, or religion can be proved."

The fourth paper awarded honorable mention, the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold, German daily of New York, asked how we are to take the step "from paying mere lip service to the principles of equality and justice for all to really implementing them. . . . The vicious cleavage between pious claims and real action has to be eliminated. . . . The real treatment of people in daily life is not shaped by the emphatic rejection of hatred in public meetings, but in those day-to-day actions which usually are hidden from any publicity." And in a different connection it says, "For all who must endure the sting of discrimination are innocent. They are innocent no matter what their faults. This, because discrimination does not oppose and persecute their faults, but the color of their skin, the origin of their race, their belonging to a religious community, their former nationality. . . . Whoever swings the whip of discrimination is a murderer of a human being. Do you want to be the murderer of your brother?"

The task of the judges was not an easy one. As one judge remarked, it was "very difficult to make a choice because the quality of the editorials submitted was so even, all good and praiseworthy." An-

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other called all entries "of high standing" and added "it was extremely difficult to choose between them."

This is understandable. Each paper speaks for a nationality group directly interested in this issue. Many have to combat various forms of prejudice in self-defense, so to say. Others remember vividly or can still observe the ravages inflicted by intolerance in their countries of origin. For most papers, therefore, participation in the contest was merely an extension, or variation, of what they are discussing in everyday practice.

Some of the newspapers participating in the contest stressed knowledge and education as the principal weapon in the struggle against intolerance. Others emphasized the importance of adequate legislation. Mobilized public opinion, focusing attention on ethical values, the role of religion, are also discussed as means for achieving the desired end. No wonder then that the judges had difficulty in choosing from such a variety of approaches and schools of thought.

The following quotations—and there could be many more—illustrate further this variety of approach to a problem in which the non-English newspapers and their readers in the United States are as vitally interested—if not more so—as the rest of the population.

"There is an internal as well as an external liberty. The struggle for external liberty is the never ending fight for political and, as we hope, social democracy; the struggle for internal liberty must be fought within ourselves, and the most important internal liberty is the freedom from prejudice, which is below the dignity of a thinking human being." (Neue Volkszeitung, German weekly, New York)

"... in our struggle against prejudice, knowledge is the most effective weapon. We should pave the way for groups and

individuals of different faiths, races, and religions in getting together." (Szabad-sag, Hungarian daily, Cleveland)

"On account of its lofty principles our country is today the hope of millions in the world who are unjustly oppressed. The prejudice against certain groups, prevailing in some circles in our midst and giving rise to offensive acts and customs, is avidly used to undermine the confidence in us and our free institutions and to paralyze our noble endeavors to foster the welfare of the nations. We have the great responsibility to clean our house." (Der Friedensbote, German weekly, St. Louis)

"We fought and won a terrible war by developing an over-all strategic plan and devoting all our efforts to it. We can similarly win the war against group prejudice by developing a plan and concentrating our efforts toward eradicating that evil. It can be done. . . . Modern psychology offers us the weapons for the battle." (National Herald, Greek daily, New York)

"Anthropology, biology, and psychology throw ever greater light on man's common ancestry and remind us that all have a common origin and that, despite differences, we are brothers under the skin." (Nordisk Tidende, Norwegian weekly, Brooklyn)

"Peace will be found only in understanding. Harmony within a nation will come only with understanding. The great job that this country has—the great job that the world has—is for each race, religion, and group to understand, appreciate, and respect the other." (Glos Narod, Polish weekly, Jersey City)

"... intolerance . . . should be fought by mobilizing the inherent decency of man, not with coercive laws which man opposes instinctively and which are merely evaded; not with prison and steel-whip; not with the recipe: 'And if you don't

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want to be my brother, I'll break your skull!' but with an appeal to the better ego, which fortunately is alive in most human hearts." (Plattduetsche Post, German weekly, Brooklyn)

"... the broad masses of all nations are more influenced by emotions than by logic. Therefore, we must so direct our appeal to their instincts, emotions, and sentiments—such as their sense of human decency and sympathy—that it should pave the way for logic and understanding to come into play and influence the thinking of the broad masses." (Freie Arbeiter Stimme, Yiddish weekly, New York)

"The key to racial and religious unity is also the key to national unity. To eradicate language differences would be to dull originality. It is not the oppression of a group's peculiarity but the respect of its soul that leads to unity." (Sendbote, German, weekly, Cleveland)

"Men must rise above passion of prejudice and hatred if they wish to be in accord with the will of God." (Az Iras, Hungarian weekly, Chicago)

"In our American democracy there should be no room for prejudices of that sort. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and other great statesmen, from the birth of our nation up to the present, have written into our laws and into our tradition that American democracy is to be shared by all citizens alike, with special privileges to none. Yet today there is only one place where there is no discrimination: and this is the cemeteries on the beaches of Normandy, on Monte Cassino, in Okinawa." (Aufbau, German-Jewish weekly, New York)

"We preach tolerance but it actually has been condescension. The real lesson to be driven home is that of love for others, without intermediate doctrines, in keeping with the teachings of Christ—

'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' " (Il Popolo Italiano, Italian daily, Philadelphia)

"America cannot have two kinds of citizens: white Americans who are born on American soil, and all the rest of us from the colored races to the immigrants from Europe and Asia. Drawing a line of partition not only contributes to destroying the Americanism we possess and sully the democratic spirit without which it is impossible to exist as a civilized society; it also creates a fertile soil for the growth of Fascistic ideas, the belief in racial superiority, and the justification for using violence against people whose thoughts and ideas and political and religious views differ from those of the majority." (Bien, Danish weekly, San Francisco)

"The infection of prejudice must be terminated with fire and iron—the fire of persuasion and the iron of law." (Amerikai Magyar Nepszava, Hungarian daily, New York)

"Whoever desires sincerely to see the world which Willkie described as 'One World,' the world living in peace and harmony, must first of all endeavor to banish this superstitious complex, this feeling of 'strangeness' regarding anything that is foreign. When they get acquainted personally, the Brittany peasant and the Japanese peasant will see that they are the same, and the peoples of all communities, all nations, will see that they share similar and equal joys in peaceful living." (Rolnik, Polish weekly, Stevens Point, Wisconsin)

"... prohibitive laws are not enough. Something more is needed to fight intolerance. We need an aroused public opinion. We need constructive education. We must always expose the bearers of hatred and intolerance. And in this we, Americans by choice and not by accident of birth, must do our share and even more than our share." (Novoye Russkoye Slovo, Russian daily, New York)

THE SANCTUM OF HARMONIOUS SPRING

JADE SNOW WONG

IN MY wanderings about San Francisco's Chinatown, I was delighted to find, quite by accident, about twenty large half-inch diameter Chinese brushes displayed in a store window off the beaten track of Chinatown's main thoroughfare. There they sat, priced "five dimes," neatly arranged in front of a potted shrub, and beside a bamboo musical instrument, a cleaver with a blade a foot and a half long and four inches wide (I learned later that this was the standard size for a noodle knife), four artificial jade bracelets mounted on red satin, some scattered dead flies, a pile of hand-bound Chinese ledger tablets, three pair of dice in a porcelain dish, four tallow candles, several boxes of pills marked in Chinese, a pair of woven mat sleeve-protectors. Glancing up, I saw a black lacquered wooden plaque with gilded Chinese characters which, translated literally, mean "The Sanctum of Harmonious Spring." ("Spring," being the growing season, symbolizes growth, and therefore life.)

I was delighted to see the brushes. A previous systematic tour of inquiry had revealed that the supply of such Chinese brushes had long been exhausted from the stocks of the best supplied Grant Avenue stationery stores in San Francisco's Chinatown. The effects of the general depletion of all Chinese imports in our community during war restrictions of commercial shipping had been partially relieved by domestic substitutes. Some have been satisfactory, like Texas Patna rice, domestic soy and mung beans

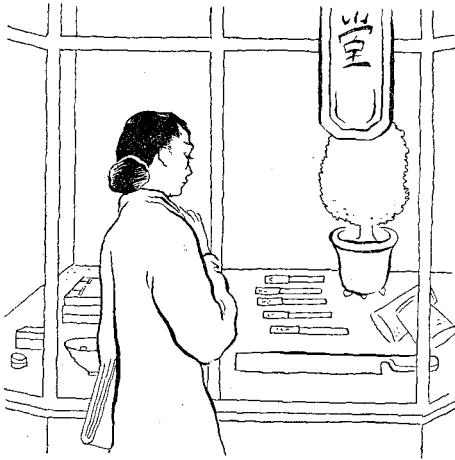
(for soy sauce and bean sprouts), Monterey's dried squid and salt fish, and Chinatown's own cured sausage, pressed duck, and preserved duck eggs. Some have been less satisfactory, like plastic spoons and bright heavy domestic pottery which substituted for Chinese hand-made porcelain tableware; canned button mushrooms for the magnificent dried species formerly imported; strong English-type teas for the delicate bouquet of jasmine; and domestic whiskeys blended with spirits for the potency of Ng Ga Pai or Mui Kwai Low. These substitutes we learned to tolerate, however, or else to do without entirely. But no domestic manufacture could substitute, even unsatisfactorily, for the high quality Chinese brush designed for artistic and precise calligraphy, each with a bamboo handle proudly engraved by its maker, and each with bird-feather bristles set in by hand to graduate delicately to the tip, so that even a school child could draw from the brush with one swift stroke a line ranging from one-half inch width down to the finest point of a draftsman's sharpest "Crow-Quill."

The variety of indifferently displayed articles in the store window before me offered no definite clue to the business behind that front. It was with surprise that I discovered the dark interior was an herb shop, although there were no herbs in the window. The store was characterized, as are all Chinese herb concerns, by one wall solidly lined with deep drawers. Each drawer is divided into

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three or four compartments of different sizes for various herbs; neither the compartments nor the drawers are labelled. Yet, in filling a prescription, the herbalist behind the counter unerringly pulls out the proper drawer, reaches into the correct unseen compartment, and picks up a handful of the required herb which he weighs in his little hand-scale before placing it on the square of paper which is to wrap it up.

Opposite the wall of drawers, a row of chairs was arranged in line: four enormous handsomely carved Chinese teak-wood upright armchairs, in striking contrast to three battered rockers with artificial leather seats, such as are usually seen in secondhand furniture stores. Back further, to the right, there was a wooden cabinet with a tea cozy and tea cups in a pan of rinse water on its table top. To the left, a semi-private office



with a large unglassed window opening looked out on this scene. This kind of office, including tea service, is typically characteristic of any Chinese store.

Beside the wooden cabinet holding the tea service, there were other much larger cabinets with glass doors, revealing an endless variety of herbs and medicines in miscellaneous tin and cardboard contain-

ers, former tea cans, underwear boxes, or other boxes in various sizes, colors, and shapes, arranged without apparent organization but clearly labelled with beautiful Chinese brush characters. I recall a few: "Genuine Gall Bladder of Bear," "Spiritually Effective Powder for Sprains," "Old Mountain Sweet Oil Cinnamon Bark," "Pills to Stop Ten Thousand Pains," "Genuine Snake Oil," "Pimple Powder." Other shelves above and below the cabinets held dusty, yellowed, paper parcels tied with string, looking as if they had been untouched for years. Chinese script on these packages indexed various sizes of such stationery items as ledgers and notebooks. A few inscribed pictures of young Chinese in service uniforms were hung outside the office, as well as framed examples of powerful calligraphy. The place was twice as big as the average Chinatown herb store though, oddly enough, on only two occasions of my subsequent visits have there been any other customers there—and they were Caucasian.

Everything in the dim interior seemed dusty, worn smooth, and age darkened, giving me the feeling that the place was timeless, that some of the articles placed in their original positions half a century ago had not as yet been disturbed. Possibly my grandfather might have done business there during his first trading trips to America and found this store exactly the same then. Of course its proprietor would not have been so stooped with age, I thought, as the solitary figure in the place, as mellow-looking as his surroundings, came forward to greet me. He was dressed immaculately in a dark blue suit, his once tall figure now bent to about five feet. He was bald, with a pale, calm, and shining face. Black bushy eyebrows swept straight up, and then their long hairs just hung at the end, framing gleaming eyes which

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roved constantly, now looking at me intently, now staring out into the street, now downcast as he figured out prices. His expression was kind, his manner courteous and leisurely.

"Good afternoon, Sien-sung" (literally "Mr." or the equivalent of "Sir"). "I would like to purchase some of your large brushes displayed in the window," I said.

"You look them over and select the ones most suitable for you. There are some fine small brushes too, although you may not know what they are." So saying, he slid open the glass case and reached in for the more diminutive size as well as the large ones. He removed the hollow bamboo casings protecting the tips and turned the brushes over to me.

"These small brushes are genuine black water-bird bristles," he continued. "They have high spring quality and will respond sensitively to the gentlest manipulations, while the large ones made of white bristles are useful only for coarser work."

For my purpose I wanted the large size. It was a simple matter to pick out my choice of brushes from the stock in the window, which was all he had.

"Five dimes is a very reasonable price, in view of the scarcity of this item. It must be five years since we have had new imports," I remarked as I examined the brushes.

"It would be easy to charge more, but I have ethics—and for a few cents it is foolish to take advantage of people. Actually these are not my brushes but a cousin's. He was hoarding them, and I thought unreasonably so, so I persuaded him to let me convert them into cash," he smilingly explained.

My eyes swept around the store with its cases filled with herbs. "What about your herbs? Haven't they risen a great deal in price?"

"Of course I do not need to tell you

that there is a normal steady increase anyway on the prices of many herbs purely because of age," he said gently. "For instance, you drink tea. Take my Clear Herbal Tea, which is a remarkable indigestion remedy."

He thumbed through some memos hanging without apparent organization on a nail, and located a price listing for Clear Herbal Tea. Pushing before me the yellowed paper with its rows of neat characters, he said, "Read this."

Aware that he was studying my face and actions intently, I silently read the words, "The Year of the Republic Seven: \$25 a pound; the Year of the Republic Eight: \$24 a pound; the Year of the Republic Nine: \$23 a pound. . . ."

"The older the tea, then," I remarked aloud, "the more expensive it is; a dollar a pound more per year that it ages."

"That is only natural," was his reply. "This herb tea improves with age, you know; it's not a fragrant tea which may lose its bouquet in time. That is true also of fruit peel, for instance. I have forty-year old fruit peel. Do you know how to use it?"

Yes, I knew. Mother soaked it in hot water and scraped off the inner membrane before using it as a delicate herb-flavoring for steamed fish or soups.

The proprietor disagreed. "I do not recommend that method of preparation. Just grind or pound up the whole dry skin and use it, lining membrane included, for most dishes. However, one dish which does call for your mother's method is Fruit-Peel Duck. You take two 'chien' fruit peel (about one rice bowl full when dry) and soak it thoroughly, then scrape its inner surface. Cook the peeling in a saucepan with a couple of spoonfuls of honey until all the honey is taken up. Then put this mixture in the bottom of a large bowl. Place the duck on top and steam until tender. Now pour

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off the juices and flip the contents of the bowl over on a platter so that the glazed fruit peel, which has absorbed the juices, is on top. Make a gravy with the liquid and pour it over the fowl. Garnish the platter with shredded green onions or parsley. I tell you, you will eat the fruit peel and leave the duck!"

Seeing that I was extremely interested in his herb knowledge, he continued to expand upon fruit peel. "Fruit peel comes from a special species of the citrus family, the kum (from which kumquats grow). There are many kinds of kum; some are not large enough to be worth drying; some are not suitable for drying. There is the story of an old man in China who raised a special kind of kum tree, admirably suitable for fruit peel, and on New Year's Eve gave two of this fruit to each employee, but only on the condition that after the fruit was eaten, they would return the peel to him for drying.

"For the most effective preservation of the peel," he went on, "after it has been dried in the sun, it has to be stored with dried orange peel; otherwise the kum peel will gradually disintegrate."

I asked how he could distinguish between kum and orange peel when both were mixed in the same drawer. He laughed, amused by the suggestion that there could be any such difficulty for someone who knew.

By this time the brushes had been wrapped, paid for, and the change made, but I lingered, fascinated. The shop was quiet—no other customer had come in—and the proprietor seemingly had nothing to do but continue philosophizing to an interested person.

"You are a native daughter, aren't you? You have never been in China, but some day you may be able to study these things at first hand for yourself."

Wondering about his background, I

asked how long it had been since his last visit to China.

"Forty-five years—and fifty-five years since I came to America the first time. It's difficult to leave your business after you get it started because it is hard to get a trusted employee. Once I sent for one of my relatives from China to learn my business, but did he want a gentleman's job? No, instead of staying at my store after he arrived, he took a job as a dishwasher to make more money. So now he drifts from job to job. No self-respect, no security. I guess he was too old when he began here. You can't teach a man a new trade or business after he's thirty."

"Daddy told me that in China a father sends his son away at an early age to a good friend for business training," I volunteered, "the theory being that if his son became angered at the friend, he would run away and return to his father, but if the father undertook this training himself, the son might run away from the father. Thus, friends can be mutually free in disciplining each other's sons for their strictest business training."

The proprietor-philosopher agreed. "Business training in China is rigorous indeed. It begins with the most humble duties—what would be merely janitorial work here. The trainee becomes what we call a tea-spittoon-chair-boy. It means that his training begins with the maintenance of the shop and the welcoming of the customers by keeping the teapot filled with fresh tea and the spittoon emptied. He pulls up a chair for the customer, and serves him tea. All this may sound strange to you, but, as I say, some day you will see all these things for yourself."

I said good-bye then, but a few days later I returned for more brushes. Smilingly the proprietor asked if I had cooked

Fruit-Peel Duck yet. I said that the current poultry shortage had cut off the duck supply in Chinatown. He looked as astonished as his habitually quiet face permitted. "But there must be ducks!"

"There aren't even any eggs to be had." At this remark, he waved triumphantly to the back corner of the store. I could hardly believe my eyes, but there were several casually scattered galvanized buckets filled with eggs. It developed that his nephew, who delivered poultry from the country to the shops, dropped in every weekend after his deliveries with a crate or two of fresh eggs for his uncle to retail, along with his herbs, brushes, and note-books. So I happily bought two dozen to surprise my family.

While the eggs were being wrapped up, a listless-looking, middle-aged Caucasian woman appeared from one of the corridor rooms which opened off a long back hallway leading from the store. She followed a Chinese of slight stature who, I gathered, was the proprietor's helper. She carried a package of herbs, stopped to pay some money at the counter, then left without having uttered a word. I asked what was wrong with her. The proprietor replied (and I am afraid that translation into English makes the statement seem mysterious, although in Chinese it is perfectly understandable), "Her inner unbalance causes a lack of spirit."

"But do you really help her?" I asked, remembering that the Chinese case diagnosis is based solely on the study of the appearance and actions of the patient and diagnosis of his pulse beats. In Chinese medicine "to have one's pulse felt" is the extent of a complete medical examination. As a matter of fact, in China retiring Chinese ladies extend their hand outside the canopy of their bed for a physical examination while they remain hidden. He answered, "She claims that she is better from our prescriptions. She

is but one of the unsolicited patients who come in."

I had been curious about the herbs I saw around me. There was, for instance, a glass jar with unpeeled garlic clusters soaking in brown liquid marked, "The Year of the Republic Thirty." (1947 is the Year of the Republic Thirty-Seven, since the Year of the Chinese Republic One was 1910.) The garlic was thus seven years old. I learned that it was preserved in brine and the longer it was kept, the better it became. Its purpose? A sure cure for indigestion.

Then the proprietor picked up a piece of what looked like a very thinly sliced bias cross-section of a piece of wood. It was called "dog elbow root," the core of it good for bone pains. But the fuzz on the root is first scraped off after drying and stored for use on cuts to assist coagulation and blood clotting. The root core itself is then steamed until softened and pliable and sliced thinly on the bias before re-drying.

Pleased with my additional information on herbs, and happily clutching my precious eggs, I returned home. My family was amazed to hear that eggs were to be found in an herb store where I had bought brushes but dismissed the whole account with the remark, "It's just like you to be able to get eggs at such queer places."

Mother, however, added a request. "Since you have made an acquaintance of an herb-store proprietor, will you try to get me some 'eight corners'?" (A cooking spice named after its shape, and similar to anise in fragrance.) "It is dear in price and difficult to buy at that."

At my next opportunity I inquired at the herb store about the price of "eight corners." The assistant who waited on me asked the proprietor. After mental calculation he replied, "Three 'chien' for fifty cents." At this, the assistant looked

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somewhat aghast but weighed out about a tablespoonful. I looked at the lonely pieces on his hand scale and told him to make it a dollar's worth. Uncomfortably he added a few more bits. I knew he too thought that "eight corners" had certainly risen in price, but I also knew he would never question his employer. I said, "These pieces are quite broken up. Won't you give me a few whole ones instead?" At this he cheerfully threw the whole pile back into the drawer and reweighed another batch of picked whole spice. He looked around apologetically, quickly dropped in a few extra pieces, and wrapped up my package immediately.

Dismissing the incident as another evidence of uncontrolled ceiling prices on

be coming back. Now let me figure what I owe you."

He drew out his abacus from behind the counter, whispering to himself as he manipulated the smooth, dark wooden beads up and down on their bamboo rods. Then to my great surprise he unlocked his money drawer and refunded me sixty cents from the dollar I had paid him! Still he apologized.

For the second time there was another customer in the store, a nice-looking woman, Caucasian again, in a fur wrap, waiting in a teakwood chair. After his apologies, the proprietor hustled around apparently in preparation for the waiting lady. He took the teapot from its cozy on the corner cabinet and disap-



imports, I thought nothing more about it. On my next trip to the store, however, I had just walked inside when the proprietor made profuse requests for pardon, in the best Chinese manner. I finally found that he was referring to my purchase of the "eight corners."

"No ill meaning was meant, to be sure, but I miscalculated on the weight of the 'eight corners' for you. I was not too worried though, as I knew that you would

peared into the back corridor. A few moments later he returned and escorted the lady into the inner consultation room.

I suddenly realized that the store proprietor was more than owner and philosopher, that his knowledge of herbs was more than that of a dealer—he was also an herb-doctor.

When I visited the store the next time, it was to seek professional advice. I had

had a deep cough for a long time, and I had found in the past that Chinese herbs are better for my coughs and colds than the medicines perfected by Western science. Heretofore I had usually gone to an herb store, described my symptoms, told my age, specified a quarter's or fifty cents' worth of herbs, then watched the herbalist open drawers, take out this or that herb, usually ten or twelve species of dried grasses, roots, bark, leaves, or insects, in quantities whose weights he guessed with his hand, then wrap them in a package with instructions for brewing: "Use two bowls of water and boil until there is one bowl left; drink before you go to bed." With the purchase of herbs, one had a choice of imported dried Chinese *loong-ngan* fruit or white raisins to accompany the herb tea to take away the bitterness after drinking.

This method is an informal way of getting well. For serious cases, however, one must consult an herb-doctor, have one's pulse felt, and obtain an exact written prescription of herbs in specified quantities. My mother has one such treasured formula. (Unlike the practice in an American pharmacy, the Chinese prescription is always returned to the customer.) This prescription was given for my sister in childhood, for she suffered frequent and severe nosebleeds. Western medicine had prescribed cold towels and adrenalin applications to stop the bleeding, without correcting the cause or affecting the frequency of occurrence. But more than ten years ago, an herb-doctor prescribed a combination of herbs which we brewed each time after Sister suffered a nosebleed. Although she has now been cured by successive nosebleeds and consequently successive treatments, Mother will always keep the prescription—just in case.

Not having suffered myself from any ailment which required serious attention

and formal prescription, the experience of having my pulse "felt" was entirely a new one. Hitherto I had merely sought any herb store for one of these informal guess-work packages of herbs.

My herb-doctor would not hear of such casual medical procedure, however, but led me to one of his consultation rooms off the rear corridor. It was a small office, about nine feet square, dimly lighted by a hanging central fixture. Its furniture consisted of a table with a straight chair on either side. The table was covered with a faded plush cloth, and on it was a conspicuously red velvet-covered cushion, about eight inches by twelve.

I was asked to be seated and to take off my watch. The doctor, seated across from me, took one of my wrists, rested it on the cushion, and laid his curved fingers very delicately on my pulse. Then he closed his eyes and dropped his head low, in a gesture of concentration. In that instant, I knew the reason for his stoop. It was from years and years of the position he had assumed in practicing his profession. A complete silence was maintained until after he had registered in his mind the pulse beats of both wrists. Then he picked up his brush, moistened it on the ink pad, and with a quick stroke of his slender fingers began scribbling graceful black characters on a piece of buff rice paper. In total, he prescribed eighteen herbs in exact weights. While he was writing, I asked what was wrong with me.

"I wonder that you are not in a great illness," he said. "You have 'fire' all through your body."

"Fire" and "wind" are two opposite extremes in body state and roughly correspond to acidity for "fire," and alkalinity for "wind." They are basic terms, departure points for the Chinese diagnosis of body ills. "Fire" is allied to an

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acid condition usually caused by fried foods, rich meats, heavy spices, or excess alcohol. This state can be neutralized by alkaline foods such as fruits, vegetables, or herbs. "Wind" is caused by sudden or continuous exposure to cold. "Fire" and "wind" become very complex in meaning as there are several types of each, and a patient may have a combination of both, in varying degrees, such as "wind wrapped around fire," and "fire collided against wind."

The usual medicinal strategy in attacking a co-existent "fire" and "wind" situation is to neutralize the "fire" first, which may give temporary impetus to the "wind" or cold; but it would be almost fatal, on the other hand, to attack the "wind" without this preliminary neutralization treatment, as the "fire" would then be imprisoned within the body to cause great fever.

For instance, ginger tea effectively treats "wind" cases. But if one had "fire" arising from an acid diet before one caught cold, it would not do at all to take the ginger tea, which would only abet the "fire." Instead one first takes an herb tea to correct the acid condition, quench the "fire," and release the cold, or "wind." Then one quells the "wind" by the ginger tea.

At any rate, according to the herb-doctor, I had "fire" all through my body, accumulated over a long period of time, and then I had caught cold, or met the "wind," thus trapping the "fire"! In the face of the gravity of such a situation, I decided against telling him about the 50,000 units of Vitamin A and the aspirin I had been consuming, but I could not help wondering whether they were helping the "wind," making the "fire" worse, or whether they were no help to me at all.

After the doctor finished his prescription, we returned to the front of the store. The formula was placed on the counter, weighted down, and then both he and his assistant worked together in weighing out the ingredients. I asked how fast the cure would work and was told that I should try it out first. If it were effective, I could get the prescription refilled. Normally, only one or two refills are required for complete cures.

I found it unnecessary to obtain a refill since in a few days the herb tea had completed its work in quenching the "fire" and quelling the "wind."

It seems difficult to believe that the quest for a brush should lead to an effective cure for a cold—all because of the herb-doctor. While many of his neighbors now are reconstructing their stores to include modern "visual fronts" and fluorescent lights, and are advertising the marvels of their wares over the radio and in the newspapers, the herb-doctor quietly ignores their supermerchandising techniques and continues the work he began over half a century ago. He has no fear of competition in his combined practice of medicinal wisdom and business service at the Sanctum of Harmonious Spring.

Jade Snow Wong has written several previous sketches for COMMON GROUND. Her literary activity is a sideline to her main work as a potter. Her work was exhibited at the Metropolitan last year and at the Museum of Modern Art and the Jacque Seligmann Gallery in New York this fall.

The illustrations are by Kathryn Uhl Ball.

GOLD vs. SILVER WORKERS IN THE CANAL ZONE

GEORGE W. WESTERMAN

Few aspects of the United States defense needs have within the past decade become of more importance than the friendship of the Panamanian people. In no other Latin American republic has the United States Government invested as much money, and in no other is such a large percentage of Americans found. The strategic importance of the Panama Canal to the United States explains these facts. The interests of the two countries are inextricably joined by the juxtaposition of the Canal Zone, under United States jurisdiction, and the territory of the Republic of Panama. The cause of national security, however, is ill attended by the present policies of the Canal Government, which fosters discrimination of the most vicious character against non-Americans in the area.

To distinguish between Americans and non-Americans, the term "silver" is used for those employees on the payrolls of the Panama Canal, the Panama Railroad Company, and the United States Army and Navy in the Canal Zone who are not American citizens and who are supposed to be unskilled workers, helpers, and common laborers. Except in a few instances they are colored or non-white. "Gold" employees are citizens of the United States and, with few exceptions, white American citizens. They occupy the executive, clerical, supervisory, skilled, technical, professional, sub-professional, and higher-bracketed positions.

Discrimination and repressive practices as indulged in by the United States

Government on the Panama Canal Zone against the so-called silver employees bear most heavily on citizens of the friendly little Central American Republic of Panama. Panamanian citizens represent fully 75 per cent of the 20,000 silver working forces on the Panama Canal and Panama Railroad Company; the other 25 per cent is made up of people of other Central and South American nationalities and West Indians.

The classification into gold and silver applies not only to employment but to housing, commissaries, clubhouses, and other public institutions. The only facilities in common use by the two groups are the public streets and sidewalks. Thus the silver employees are affected by a system of social segregation and occupational stratification which repudiates all principles of democracy and makes for maladjustment and frustration.

As of July 1, 1947, the wage scale of the silver employees was from 16 cents per hour to a maximum of between 68 and 72 cents per hour. The average hourly wage was 39 cents per hour; the annual average approximately \$806.

Most of the 20,000 employees are common laborers, though a considerable number perform skilled jobs in 688 positions classified as office helpers or artisans. A good number are clerks, teachers, foremen, timekeepers, clubhouse stewards, managers and assistant managers, airplane mechanics, automobile mechanics, and holders of responsible jobs of many kinds in which they perform work re-

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quiring a high degree of skill and ability. Yet they remain unclassified, and their rates of pay are astoundingly out of proportion to their gold counterparts. Blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, painters, upholsterers, vulcanizers, on the native silver rolls, who actually perform the skills of their respective crafts, are conveniently designated as artisans or helpers, not definitely classified. In many instances white youngsters on the gold rolls employed as mere apprentices earn much higher rates of pay than seasoned native workers with service records of twenty-five years.

A gold chauffeur operating a one-and-a-half ton delivery truck earns \$1.52 to \$1.59 per hour; the silver chauffeurs \$0.32 to \$0.48 an hour. Gold teachers of elementary schools are paid \$263.89 to \$375 monthly; the silver, \$80 to \$100. Gold teachers of physical education get \$275.50 to \$314.68 monthly; silver directors in this group receive \$105 to \$125. Gold saleswomen, \$104.50 to \$182.48; silver, \$41.60 to \$76.27. Gold bakers, \$203.54; silver, \$57.60 to \$89.60. Gold cafeteria attendants, \$176.04; silver, \$44.80 to \$76.80. Gold moving picture operators, \$233.70 to \$280.72; silver, \$72.50 to \$89.50. Gold checkers, \$133.95; silver, \$51.20 to \$76.80. Gold watchmen, \$182.95; silver, \$44.80 to \$67.50.

Not only are the present wage scales for these non-American employees on the Canal Zone so low as to deny them a decent and healthy existence, but the inadequacy of their earnings contravenes the labor policies and working standards of the United States Government, of which the Panama Canal and its allied interests are direct agencies. Furthermore, the United States Government is not supposed to be in business for profit. However, through the sweatshop policies adopted on the Canal Zone and the shamefully low wages paid silver workers who live in this area under substandard

conditions, it has been able to realize over a million dollars annually as substantial profits from a number of its departments and operations of the Panama Canal.

The very Government which prohibits all private employers who engage in interstate commerce from paying below 40 cents per hour itself engages employees on the Canal Zone at a wage lower than this. Recently President Truman requested the establishment in America of a 65-cent-an-hour minimum wage for all workers in the United States. Surely a 40-cent minimum in the Canal Zone, territory under the jurisdiction of the United States, is the more than reasonable demand being made by the United Public Workers of America, ciro, which is now the union of these underprivileged Federal workers.

Unbelievable though it sounds, the cost of living on the Canal Zone is approximately the same and in some instances higher than in continental United States, whereas the silver employees earn only about a third as much as United States unskilled workers. While their monthly take-home pay did increase by 31 per cent between 1940 and 1947, the cost of living has increased by 57 per cent, so that the silver workers have actually suffered a serious cut in real wages. The United States Government maintains that any salary falling below the WPA emergency level of \$1,228 would entail hazards for a family of four, but the sum of \$806 earned by the silver worker is only two-thirds of that level. The result is that the living standards of most of the workers in the Canal Zone either compare with or fall below the very worst slum standards to be found in the United States.

Less than one-half the silver employees in the Zone are provided with government low-cost housing in the segregated districts of La Boca, Red Tank, Paraiso, Gamboa, Gatun, and Silver City. Here

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an entire family from two persons on up to six or eight live in two-room apartments. In the average twelve-family building there is one male toilet room with two toilets and one women's toilet room with two toilets for the entire building. Beyond the rent (above the comparable median rent in the United States) there are additional monthly charges such as for electricity: 25 cents charge if a radio is used, \$1.50 for an electric refrigerator, and \$1 for an electric hot plate or stove. To these unfurnished family quarters, tenants bring their own furniture, linens, radios, refrigerators, hot plates, or stoves.

The pattern of segregation also follows a rigid line in respect to educational opportunities in the public schools; these are classified not as gold and silver but as white and colored. This change in classification was conceived to circumvent any racial admixture that might possibly have resulted from the few colored American citizens on the gold roll successfully applying for admission to gold schools on behalf of their offspring.

The white system, operated for the benefit of the children of white American citizens on the gold roll (several Panamanian children of prominent professional and political families, and a few Orientals have been accepted), provides two senior high schools, an apprentice school, and a modernly equipped and well-staffed junior college. Only since August 1946, however, have silver employees enjoyed educational opportunities beyond the ninth grade. The junior high school, which formed the top level of this system, provided the children of the so-called native or tropic workers with pre-vocational training which did not fit them for skilled positions. Recently, however, after much agitation by the voteless residents of the Canal Zone, an occupational senior high school is now being set up and promises to be in full operation by 1950.

Superior trained white teachers with much stronger professional background are assigned white classes, whose average total ranges between 23 and 25 pupils. Teachers in the colored schools usually have to contend with a total of 35 in a class and consequently have very little time to devote to any program of individual instruction, badly needed for children of the silver workers with their background of inadequate home facilities and unwholesome environments.

Silver workers are not on a contributory type of retirement plan as are the gold employees, who are covered by the United States Retirement Act. At present a retired silver employee receives a disability relief allowance ranging from \$10 to a maximum of \$25 a month, depending on his length of service. This follows eviction from the Canal Government-owned quarters, regardless of years of service or length of occupancy.

The pattern of discrimination on the Canal Zone by the United States Government not only deprives thousands of loyal and efficient tropical workers of common elemental rights to a decent standard of living, but ignores treaty commitments of the United States with the Republic of Panama as to equality of employment opportunities and treatment for citizens of Panama. Furthermore, its vicious fangs are gradually spreading out and poisoning the entire Isthmus, and its odor nauseates the peoples of the other Latin American republics.

Through its numerous international commitments the United States has subscribed to the idea of social and racial equality. Its moral position therefore imposes upon this government an affirmative obligation to foster ethical and humanitarian international relations with all groups. No longer can the Panama Canal situation be considered a local affair. It is a problem that can actually pervert the

ONE ENGLISH WORD

purpose of the North American republic's Good Neighbor policy in Latin America, and, more important, seriously interfere with the defense system of the entire Western Hemisphere.

A native of Panama City and formerly a sports writer and columnist for the *Panama American*, a daily newspaper, and the *Panama Tribune*, a weekly, George

W. Westerman has written a number of pamphlets on Panama widely distributed in this country. One, entitled, "*Toward a Better Understanding*," a plea for interracial and intercultural unity among the various nationality groups in the Canal Zone, was adopted for use by the Inter-American University of Panama. He is now at work on a book about social conditions on the Isthmus of Panama.

ONE ENGLISH WORD

EDITH HANDLEMAN

MY MOTHER was five when she came to this country. Her mother had died of cholera the year before, and all the older brothers and sisters started school or went to work. There was no one to take care of Sorra during the day, so they told the school authorities she was six, and put her in the first grade.

She could not understand what was said in the school, but she watched the other children carefully. She noticed that whenever they had money, they would go to the little store down the street and come out with beautiful red paper hearts. Then they would go to the teacher ("teacher" was the one word Sorra understood) and the teacher would ask them something and they'd answer something and the teacher would write on the hearts and put them in a little box on her desk.

The process fascinated Sorra. Soon after, a visitor came to her house and gave her a piece of money when he left. The next day she went into the store herself and put her money on the glass top of the low showcase. She pointed to the beautiful red hearts, and the lady

picked out a small one and handed it to her.

Sorra ran to school and handed the heart to the teacher. The teacher asked her something. Sorra stood quite still for a long time, and then she said the only English word she knew.

"Teacher."

The teacher smiled and wrote something on the heart and dropped it into the box.

Every time company came to the house then, they'd give Sorra a penny or a dime as they patted her curly head when they left. Sorra learned that the little white coins seemed to get the nicer hearts at the store—sometimes big lacy ones, sometimes a handful of little colored ones. Each time she'd take them to the teacher. The teacher would ask the same thing, and Sorra would stand, wondering what was expected of her, and finally speak her one English word.

Then one day things seemed to be different. Nobody put anything into the box; instead the teacher took it after lunch and opened it up. Sorra gasped for pleasure as the beautiful colors spilled

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out on the desk, and then the teacher started calling people up and giving them back the hearts.

At first Sorra thought the hearts were given back to those who had brought them, and she smiled to think how many she'd have. But the teacher got near the end of the pile, and everyone else had lots of lacy colors on his desk, and she hadn't called "Sorra" once. The little girl was just beginning to cry when she heard the teacher call her name.

She looked up, almost not believing, and then the girl behind her pushed her up the aisle. The teacher smiled at her again and handed her a huge white envelope.

Sorra didn't know quite what to do with this. She held it carefully as she walked home, and that evening her father showed her how to tear it open. Inside was the most beautiful heart in the world, all colors and lovely lace. It was almost as big as a dish.

I've seen it, tattered and dingy now, and on the bottom is the faded signature, "With love from Teacher."

Edith Handleman, who was graduated from Syracuse University last June, will be remembered as the author of "Do I Have a Jewish Complex?" in our Spring 1947 issue.

• The Common Council at Work •

THE COUNCIL was one of the organizations participating in the State Department's one-day conference on the proposed International Bill of Human Rights on October 31. This was a working conference called to discuss the formulation of the U.S. position at the meeting of the U.N. Human Rights Commission in Geneva on December 1. The Council has been especially concerned with the problems of prevention of discrimination and protection of minorities and has urged that the proposed declaration include a provision that "everyone, everywhere in the world, is entitled to the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration without regard to race, sex, language, religion, or other distinction." At the request of a representative of the State Department the Council arranged two meetings to discuss proposals to be presented by the American member, Mr. Jonathan Daniels, at the first meeting of the U.N. Sub-Commission on the Prevention of

Discrimination and Protection of Minorities, when it convened in Geneva on November 24.

OTHER RECENT INSTANCES of Council co-operation with the State Department include criticisms and suggestions assembled from representative Russian Americans regarding the monthly magazine, *America*, which the State Department prepares for distribution in Russia.

WHAT FOREIGN-LANGUAGE NEWSPAPERS and the Council's articles in them mean to their readers is suggested in a letter recently received from Michigan. The daughter of a Moravian farmer who came to the United States in 1912 writes, "Czech newspapers in America are a great school for Czech Americans. They find in their newspapers the things denied them in the old country because of their poverty," and, referring to the Council articles, "I was curious to know who gives

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out such articles to the Czech papers. They were like pearls in the sea, a piece of real truth." Recent Council releases to the foreign-language press have included articles on Reducing Industrial Accidents, United Nations Week, How the U.N. General Assembly Works, Congress and the Presidential Succession, Fiorella H. LaGuardia: American, New Child Health Projects, Public Opinion Polls, America's Working Mothers, Atomic Energy in Medical Research, Naturalization Questions and Answers.

How ITS SHARE of Europe's displaced persons can best be resettled in the United States is a question to which the Council, along with other organizations, has been giving intensive study in anticipation of active consideration of DP legislation by Congress at its January ses-

sion. How will DP's be cared for on arrival? Who will pay for their transportation? What communities can absorb DP's and how many can they take? How can individual skills be fitted to community needs? Who will be responsible for housing and job placement? Where, in handling DP's, should government responsibility end and individual or organization responsibility begin? Because sound answers to these and similar questions are likely to be the key to Congressional action, the Council is giving special attention to this phase of the problem. What Congress does about the Stratton bill, how many DP's it will decide to admit, may well depend on working out specific and carefully co-ordinated plans for handling their distribution and resettlement.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE STUYVESANT TOWN CASE

IN 1943 the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company began to plan Stuyvesant Town housing project, to consist of 18 city blocks in the city of New York. The project is to accommodate a population of 24,000 persons. Almost as soon as the project was announced by the chairman of the board of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, it was admitted by the Company that the project would exclude Negroes, or, as the Company phrased it in the letter to the American Civil Liberties Union in 1946, "provision has not been made for occupancy by Negro families." The American Civil Liberties Union, the American Jewish Congress, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People,

and many leading citizens of the city of New York became aroused by the racial policy of the Stuyvesant Town planners and brought a number of unsuccessful suits to prohibit the race policy from being put into effect, or to prohibit the city of New York from concluding contractual relations with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company as long as the planners of Stuyvesant Town would maintain their racial policy. (The Metropolitan Life attempted to meet the public indignation by announcing plans for Riverton Project for Negroes—a project about one-seventh the size of Stuyvesant Town.)

A suit filed by three Negro war veterans in the New York Supreme Court, with

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the support of the AJC, NAACP and the ACLU, again raises the question of the legality of the racial policy of Stuyvesant Town. The plaintiffs petitioned for a temporary injunction to restrain Stuyvesant Town from proceeding with its illegal renting policy (according to the Stuyvesant Town corporation, 100,000 applications have been received, and 70,000 applicants have been interviewed, for apartments in the buildings which will be completed during 1947 and 1948). The plaintiffs are not, of course, attempting to frustrate through legal action the construction of Stuyvesant Town (although some leading planners have seriously questioned the wisdom of the project from the standpoint of proper city planning); they are asking only that Stuyvesant Town be restrained from barring Negroes as tenants. The case is of more than local interest, for it focuses dramatically the attention of the public on the question of how far the law may support restrictive covenants of one type or another. A justice of the New York Supreme Court has denied initial relief and his decision has been appealed.

In the brief filed on behalf of the plaintiffs in support of the motion for the temporary injunction, by Charles Abrams and associated counsel, it is contended that the exclusion of Negroes from Stuyvesant Town is a denial of public facilities because of a person's race, color, or creed, by the state itself or by its sub-division the city of New York, in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment and in violation of the Constitution and laws of the state of New York. The enabling statutes under which the Metropolitan Life proceeded clearly show that the project is of a public nature, tied in with the state's program to reconstruct and rehabilitate neighborhoods, and to provide proper housing. The laws of the state of New

York under which the Stuyvesant Town project is being constructed manifest a clear public interest in the project, for the laws provide that the project shall not be sold except as permitted by law, profits are limited to 6 per cent for interest and amortization, a supervising agency is set up which must consent to the method of corporation and to the method of financing and to the use of the project, and the approval of the city of New York must be obtained for any modification of the project, the rents must be regulated and any increases must have the approval of the city, rigid controls are imposed over the financing of the corporation, there is provision for preliminary approval of the project, and there are other legal restrictions on the operations of the Stuyvesant Town Corporation and its parent body the Metropolitan, provisions which make it clear that the functions of the corporation are essentially of a public character, and that the clearance and the construction of housing undertaken by the corporation are for a public purpose. Especially significant is the provision in the law that the corporation shall have tax exemption for a period of 25 years (in the case of Stuyvesant Town this means a public contribution of over fifty million dollars) and the provision that the city shall be permitted to acquire the property needed for the project by eminent domain. Another contribution that the public has made to Stuyvesant Town is the donation of streets equalling 19 per cent of the area.

Up to the present time the legal attacks on Stuyvesant Town have not succeeded, the courts basing their unfavorable decisions on technicalities. The decisions have not carried an appeal of cogency or intellectual honesty to the minds of impartial observers. Perhaps this time the courts will see the problem for what it

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is, and will directly pass on the question whether or not the law will support the policy of Stuyvesant Town to exclude Negroes. The courts should pierce through the veil of fictions and see the fact that Stuyvesant Town will have a population larger than that of 61,000 communities

in the United States and smaller only than 400 communities. Public or private, no corporation vested with so many public rights and taking so much of the people's money should be permitted to flaunt constitutional and statutory prohibitions against race discrimination.

• Round-Up •

CONDUCTED BY CAREY MC WILLIAMS

THE report of the first International Conference on Human Rights held in London in June 1947 is an interesting, if somewhat abbreviated document, which serves to emphasize the importance of the growing international movement for a code of human rights. Delegates from 15 countries, in addition to representatives from four British colonies, attended the conference which, before its adjournment, issued a call for a world congress on human rights in the spring of 1948. Paralleling the work of the Human Rights Division of UNESCO, this movement toward a uniform international conception of human rights is of the greatest importance and should receive far more support and attention in this country than it has received to date. (Copies of the report can be received from The National Council for Civil Liberties, 11a, King's Road, Sloane Square, London, S.W. 3.)

In this age of radar and atomic bombs and robot planes, it comes as something of a shock to realize, as the report points out, that there are today probably about nine million people in the world who live under some form of slavery. Among the slaves of the modern world are some two million child slaves in China; two million slaves in Abyssinia; 700,000 in

Arabia; 300,000 in Liberia; and some four million peons in Latin American countries. One of the most important sections of the report is that which deals with color discrimination. In most territories inhabited by people of different races in the world today, there is, to quote from the report, "a marked disproportion of the educational facilities provided for the children of white people on the one hand, and for the children of coloured people on the other." In these territories, however, the argument is universally advanced that the franchise is withheld from colored peoples because of their limited educational attainments! "Pass laws," which restrict the movement of native peoples in South Africa, Kenya, and Southern Rhodesia, are matched by segregation statutes, of one kind or another, in Australia, Canada, South Africa, the USA, and in the British colonies of East and Central Africa. It is interesting to note that the section of the report which deals with anti-Semitism contains the following recommendation: "It is proposed that legislation should be introduced to make it illegal to disseminate, by speech or in writing, propaganda directed against groups on grounds of race, religion or colour."

Perhaps reflecting this world-wide in-

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terest in human rights, the Public Affairs Committee (22 East 38th Street, New York 16) has just issued an interesting pamphlet by Dr. James G. Leyburn on "World Minority Problems." The colonial peoples, of course, constitute the major world minority problem. Dr. Leyburn estimates that the number of colonials has been reduced from around 700,000,000, prior to the outbreak of World War II, to about 150,000,000 or 200,000,000 at the present time. Colonial peoples suffer the greatest discrimination of any peoples in the modern world. For the most part, they are deprived of fundamental political rights and of economic, educational, and social opportunities. Since they are "colored," racial discrimination is uniformly practiced against them in some degree, legally or socially, in all areas. Aside from the "colonial minorities," there are several major world minority problems: the problem of some 10,000,000 Chinese living outside China; of about 400,000 Asiatics living in Africa; and an undetermined number of Arabs living in African and Asiatic countries (not to mention, of course, the religious minorities in India). Perhaps the most aggravated minority issue to be found in the world today is in the Union of South Africa, where two million whites boss eight million African natives and 225,000 Indians. Obviously the most troublesome and dangerous minority, however, is that of the "white people" who comprise about one quarter of an estimated world population of 2,000,000,000 people. The capacity of this white minority for mischief is unbounded and its continued racial arrogance is a major threat to the peace of the world.

In a pamphlet issued by the Human Events Associates (608 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago 5), entitled "These Few," Milton Mayer, in a lively and entertaining style,

gives some pointed advice to minorities. To save their skins, he writes, minorities must struggle for the rights of all men: first for the rights of other minorities; next for the rights of all men; and, finally, for their own rights. His second prescription is that every member of a minority must fight on every front at once, on the assumption, correctly stated, that "exclusion of Jews from country clubs is caused by snobbery, and also by the Federal Reserve Board discount rate and the insecurity of country club members." And, as a third pointer, every member of every minority must try to live an honorable life, for only thereby can he force the majority to persecute him falsely. In other words, the member of a minority cannot afford to allow the majority the slightest shadow of justification for its arrogance and cruelty. The pamphlet is entertaining and well-written but the "points" are developed with a showy cynicism and sophistication that serve to disguise the fact that Mr. Mayer, of all people, is merely mouthing platitudes. The sermon is a good one; but, like most good sermons, it appears to say far more than it does.

In an utterly unpretentious but quite effective pamphlet, "Reason and Rubbish About the Negro: A Southerner's Views," issued by the Public Affairs Press (2153 Florida Avenue, Washington, D.C.), Elta Campbell Roberts of Abilene, Texas, tells how she acquired a non-southern point of view on the "race question." It began when she answered an ad in the Saturday Review of Literature in which an educated Negro invited letters from those interested in race relations. (So far as I know, this is the one case in which the famous ad columns of the Saturday Review have served an important social function.) The point of the pamphlet is Mrs. Roberts' statement that

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"one has to go out of his way to find Negro literature" in the South. What she means, of course, is that it is quite difficult to find books by or about Negroes in the book stores of the South. There is no doubt that the point is well-taken. It would be interesting, for example, to know the regional distribution of the ten most widely read books on "race relations" of the last decade. Mrs. Roberts is doing what she can to break this boycott by purchasing small collections of such books for school and college libraries. It would seem that publishers might well sponsor a few contests, widely advertised in the southern press, for the best reviews of books of this sort submitted by southern readers. Direct mail advertising and reviews published as advertisements, if necessary, might also help to break through this thought-control boycott.

The Bureau of Educational Research at Howard University has just issued an excellent study of segregated school systems in 17 states and the District of Columbia. The gist of the report is that little progress has been made in providing educational opportunities for Negroes equal to those enjoyed by whites, despite the Supreme Court rulings that segregated schools must provide equal facilities. The most noticeable progress has been along two lines: equalizing the school term and equalizing the salaries of Negro and white teachers. Fifteen years ago, the average school term in these states was 30 days longer for whites than for Negroes; today it is only 10 days longer. In 1930, white elementary school teachers received an average salary of \$958, which had risen to \$1,307 in 1945 (for the states in question). For Negro teachers the figures were: \$510 in 1930, \$939 in 1945. The difference, in other words, has been reduced from 85 per cent to 40 per cent in fifteen years.

In other respects, however, little progress has been reported. Fifteen years ago the value of school property per white pupil enrolled was \$166; for each Negro child \$32. In 1945 the figures were \$224 for whites, \$52 for Negroes. At the present rate of progress, it would take sixty years or more to bring the buildings and equipment in Negro common schools up to some kind of parity with the white schools. So far as transportation is concerned, proportionately three and one-half times as much is spent on transporting white pupils as Negroes. Twice as much is spent per pupil in transporting a white student as a Negro student. Texas, in 1945, spent more to transport white children to school than was spent on Negro common schools for all purposes: teacher salaries, transportation, teaching materials, etc.

Virtually no improvement has been noted, in the last fifteen years, so far as higher educational facilities are concerned. Graduate work is offered in 8 Negro state colleges, in these states, which give work leading to the master's degree only; but no Negro higher institution, public or private, offers work leading to the doctor's degree. Three times as many undergraduate courses are offered in the average state college or university for white students as are offered in the corresponding Negro "higher" institutions. Professional education in state institutions is available for white students as follows: dentistry, 4 states; law, 16; medicine, 15; pharmacy, 14; social work, 9; library science, 11. But no state-supported institutions offered opportunities to Negroes in medicine, dentistry, or pharmacy; only 4 offered courses in law; and only 1 in library science. In 1944 an amount equal to \$2.43 for each person in the white population in these states was expended for white higher institutions of learning as contrasted with 56 cents for each Negro. In 1930, the

corresponding amounts were \$1.39 for whites, 33 cents for Negroes. Thus the difference in favor of white institutions actually increased by 13 per cent for this period. The conclusion, of course, is obvious: "segregation in education based on race must be abolished." In view of this record, it is simply unthinkable that segregated schools could ever be brought up to a substantial equality with white schools regardless of the social and psychological disadvantages of segregation.

In the American Sociological Review for June 1947, Dr. E. Franklin Frazier has an interesting article on "Sociological Theory and Race Relations." With devastating thoroughness, Dr. Frazier demonstrates that American sociologists have consistently rationalized, in theoretical terms, the opinion and attitudes of the dominant white majority. For example, Sumner's theory of the *mores*—the law follows the *mores* etc.—rationalized a widely prevalent feeling that there was nothing much that could or should be done about the so-called "race question." Even Cooley, who contributed some sharp insights into the problem, felt that mental differences between races had developed during the process of biological differentiation—a conclusion which fortified the "common sense" beliefs of most Americans of the period. Dr. Edward A. Ross, the pernicious effects of whose racial theories I have had occasion to point out many times, had no doubt whatever that the various races differed in regard to intellectual ability. In 1910 Dr. Howard Odum published a book on *Social and Mental Traits of the Negro*, which was essentially a rationalization of American folklore on the subject. Ellwood, in a treatise also published in 1910, pointed out that the Negro had a "racial" temperament and that his "shiftlessness and sensuality" were partly due to heredity. Another American sociologist, Grove

S. Dow, in *Society and Its Problems* (1920), not only regarded the Negro as an unassimilable element but proposed that he should be gradually segregated in a single island, colony, or area. The Fifteenth Amendment, he wrote, was the worst political blunder in the history of the American people. Both Dow and Weatherly argued that prejudice was "a natural aversion," the function of which was to preserve racial purity as a necessary condition for social development. Mecklin also assumed that "white supremacy" found justification in the necessity to preserve racial purity. As Dr. Frazier points out, this crass theorizing in the first two decades of the century occurred at a time when public opinion inclined to the view that the attempt to make the Negro a citizen was a mistake and that the South had achieved a "solution," namely, segregation. For these decades, American sociological theory neatly rationalized and supported the prevailing attitudes and opinions.

What Dr. Frazier charitably omitted from his article was a demonstration that the prevalence of these theories has been a factor making for the formation of prejudiced attitudes. Some of the men whose work he discusses, Dr. Ross in particular, were influential publicists as well as professors of sociology. Tom Watson, the Georgia demagogue, quoted Dr. Ross with intense approval at the time of the Leo Frank lynching and alas! he is still being quoted by his former colleagues in the anti-Oriental movement on the West Coast. It should not be forgotten that a generation of American college and university students were led to believe that their prejudices found sanction in scientific theory.

It is also interesting to note that when a more scientific attitude began to emerge among American sociologists, it was prompted more by events than by "pure

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research" or "pure science." Thus the publication of Dr. Robert E. Park's *Introduction to the Science of Sociology* coincided with the study of the race riots in Chicago in 1919. "The new impact of the Negro problem," writes Dr. Frazier, "on American life undoubtedly helped Park as much as his experience in the South in the formulation of a sociological theory." But, in the early work of Park, references to "instinctive factors" appear and his initial theories seem to have rationalized the type of biracial social structure that was then emerging. Out of the social psychological approach of men like Park and Faris there later emerged the "caste and class" theory which has enjoyed such a wide vogue in the last decade. Like Sumner's theory of the *mores*, the "class and caste" theory has been essentially static, that is, it has not held forth much hope for effective action. What all of this indicates, I suppose, is the truth that Durkheim once pointed out when he said that myth imitates society, not nature.

Underlying this tendency to rationalize prevailing opinions and attitudes has been a general acquiescence in what Dr. Morris E. Opler has called *organicism*, namely, the assumption of the overwhelming importance of the biological in human affairs (see: *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, June 1947). From the middle of the last century to the first world war, the social sciences seem to have been deeply colored by biological theories which have since been discredited. "Nations were compared to biological forms," writes Dr. Opler, "and their departments of government to specific organs. Unbridled competition was right because it reflected Nature's way; social control was wrong because it interfered with Nature's penchant for the elimination of the unfit." All social phenomena had to be explained in terms of social

Darwinism: struggle, conflict, competition. Today many biologists have pointed out that chance variations and isolation may have had as much to do with "differences" as evolution through competition and natural selection. This is one of a series of articles in which Dr. Opler has effectively exposed the tendency to rationalize social phenomena in terms of a jungle-like theory of biological growth and change. (See: *American Anthropologist*, Vol. XLVI, 1944, pp. 448-460.)

The Department of Interior has now issued the last of a series of ten volumes devoted to the entire history and operation of the War Relocation Authority. The volumes are of great interest and importance for they touch upon every phase of the evacuation of the Japanese. The titles of the volumes, copies of which can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., are: *Wartime Exiles; The Evacuated People: A Quantitative Description; Token Shipment; The Relocation Program; Impounded People; Legal and Constitutional Phases of the WRA Program; Community Government in War Relocation Centers; Administrative Highlights of the WRA Program; The Wartime Handling of Evacuee Property; and People in Motion*. Incidentally, for a very subtle and effective analysis of the pattern of prejudice in the Hawaiian Islands, I would highly recommend Pearl Frye's novel *The Narrow Bridge* (Little, Brown & Company). For fear that it may otherwise escape the attention of COMMON GROUND readers, I want also to recommend the new *Outline of Anthropology* by Melville Jacobs and Bernhard J. Stern, just published by Barnes & Noble, Inc. Paper-bound, the volume sells for \$1.25 and is most compactly and intelligently organized.

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

THE AMERICAN MIND—WHO SHAPES IT?

MAKING THE AMERICAN MIND. By Richard D. Mosier. New York: King's Crown Press (Columbia University). 207 pp. \$3

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. By William Ernest Hocking. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 243 pp. \$3

Reading Dr. Mosier's book, one may feel a faint regret for the passing of an age when a basic code of morals, of social attitudes and economic outlook could be distributed so painlessly, and so eagerly accepted by the nation, through its school readers. In his research study of the McGuffey Readers, the author shows that for a period of eighty-four years—from 1836 to 1920—children of all ages were under the influence of this popular series. The books sold 122,000,000 between those dates, were praised for their indoctrination of virtues such as modesty, restraint, and temperance, and loved for the charm of their stories. But this study discloses that there was, pervading the entire series, a subtle influence in defense of property and privilege, with a slant toward the view that rule is for the rich and the wellborn, and that the poor cannot be trusted. Revealed also is fear of change, and distrust of reform. None seemed needed in a McGuffey world, believed in by thrifty and industrious folk in a land teeming with opportunity and heedless of industrial problems in the making. Painstaking analysis and liberal quotations from the Readers verify Dr. Mosier's findings.

Today another medium—the press—holds the secular field, and no one not a

recluse can escape its influence. In his report for the Commission on Freedom of the Press, and as its spokesman, Harvard's Professor Hocking (Philosophy, Emeritus) shows that this new and high-powered medium has assumed functions not foreseen in our Bill of Rights, such as that of umpire and of emotional interpretation; shows too that while in theory we are free to accept or reject decisions of merit, we have no fair basis for our reaction if some of the facts are withheld or distorted; nor are we free to set up printing presses and publish our own views, since all that is now in the hands of powerful organizations. These in turn are subject to pressure groups, if not themselves agents of political pressure. That leaves the public at the mercy of organizations who have uncontrolled liberty (if they choose to use it, and some do) to breed rancor in the world by maligning an ally or spreading international falsehood, then plead "freedom of the press" to cover their treasons. The report is against direct government control of the press as in the Soviet system, but redefines its freedom so as to include responsibility to the public, just as freedom is redefined for a drunken driver on the public highway; suggests legal checks for patent abuses. The condensed findings of the Commission are given as an Appendix, clarifying the concept of liberty as applied to the press.

Harvey Fergusson's *People and Power* (Morrow. \$3), a study of political behavior, in tune with the findings of the Commission, shows the American mind so hampered by old concepts of freedom

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that it cannot act to save what remains of it for the common man. Right in believing individual liberty to be the very heart and life-spark of democracy, men yet think of it in terms of a bygone age. To take old anarchic notions of freedom that have become folk-beliefs and trim them down to the concise meaning required today is a task calling for nice perception and large experience. The author has both. Of immigrant stock, bred in the Southeast, schooled in the South, proved (as journalist) in the Midwest, and free-lancer on the West Coast, versed in regional modes, Fergusson finds common everywhere the urge "to get back" to a free state long lost, an urge played upon by those who preach "freedom of private enterprise" even while they take more and more of it into their own hands by assuming control not only of the machinery of enterprise but of the means to possess any of it. *People and Power*, widely read, could advance voting intelligence by fifty years.

Henry Seidel Canby's *American Memoir* (Houghton Mifflin. \$5) recalls a time (1880-1900) when we did not long "to get back." We were already there, so we thought; had just the country we wanted; believed it would be the same forever. Part I tells of the town of the author's youth and how life was lived there, reveals its charm and also the flaws that would widen soon and break the pattern. Such a flaw was the kind of educa-

tion that gave us neither discipline, power, nor culture, at common school levels. At the next level, Dr. Canby describes college life as valued chiefly for its social advantages and, so seen, "exactly the right education for those who wanted the wealth, the position, the individual power that was being worshipped just then in America." Not wanting those things, the author himself emerged as a scholar and critic, concerned to interpret for the common reader the books written by writers groping for some meaning in life during an age of confusion, from the 1920s on. These books mirrored the plight of the men they typed—Babbitt among them, who strove hard but found in the end (to quote the *Memoir*) that all he had was "mileage without a destination."

Read *The American Experience* by Henry Bamford Parkes (Knopf. \$3.50) for further light on the genius and spirit of an American mind that would not abide an old-country yoke. Released from class notions, a selection of European stocks found here the right conditions for a new basic pattern that gives scope to the gifts and energies of the common man. Hence the democratic idea grew in spite of adverse pressures, launched the world's greatest social experiment, but fell short of perfecting it for want of a clear consciousness of its aims, and for lack of a coherent philosophy of political behavior. (See Fergusson's *People and Power*, above, for a study on that theme.)

FRIENDLY ATTITUDES

In *Approaches to Group Understanding*, a symposium edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, and R. M. MacIver (Harper. \$5), Rachel Davis-Dubois

leads off the discussion: says that ways to develop friendly attitudes among all sorts of people can be learned better in the U.S. than elsewhere, for we already have

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cultural pluralism; that the key to world peace is not in Europe or Asia but here. These sixty-seven papers were given at a Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion (the Sixth, at Columbia University) bearing on the Democratic Way of Life, and they threw fine light on education, communication, group relations, economy, science, politics, law, religion, and the arts in relation to culture. "Intercultural Bridges" is a leading theme.

Report without evidence is rumor. Gordon W. Allport, top-ranking Harvard psychologist, with associate Leo Postman, in *The Psychology of Rumor* (Holt, \$3.50) tracks that poisonous pest to its lair in the mind of the person who sees only what he wants to see, reports a guess as a fact, accepts as truth about those of any race, faith, minority group, or party he dislikes—without evidence—what he likes to believe about them. So he spreads it, spreads distrust, hate, and misunderstanding among groups and nations. Private spites are the real motive behind the telling. Suggestible persons become links in the chain of rumor, with increasing distortion of whatever factual ground there may have been at the start. A book for all readers, but with technical approach supplied for students.

Partly to combat vicious rumor, a Bureau of National Records has prepared *American Jews in World War II* (Dial, \$5), in two volumes. The first, by I. Kaufman, gives graphic reports of individual performance in every phase of service. For heroism, resourcefulness under emergency, and complete self-sacrifice, nothing can surpass these records. Volume II gives state-by-state listings of awards and citations given to Jews in the armed services. General Hershey says in his foreword: "We are proud when we read the record . . . they played their part not as Jewish men and women but as Americans."

Wear It Proudly is a sheaf of letters written by William Shinji Tsuchida from the war front—France to Austria—where he served as a medic. Printing them was not his idea. His friends, including U.C. faculty members, put that over (University of California Press, \$2.75) and told him afterwards. The letters are high-spirited, vivid, and fine, in style and feeling wholly American. "The mud oozes, the sleet cuts like a knife, the snow puts a false blanket over everything. My heart sinks a foot when I get to a wounded man covered with an inch of snow." Men of his platoon voted him a Combat Infantryman's badge and told him to "Wear it proudly."

The Cultural Approach, by Ruth McMurry and Muna Lee (Chapel Hill, \$3.50), deals with the science of human relations as applied by governments alive to the need of improving such relations. These include those of Western Europe, Japan, Russia, four Latin American countries, Britain, and the United States. All have made efforts to promote appreciation of their cultures, some with an eye on political advantage. A better slant is seen in Britain's late expressed desire to promote "ordinary as distinct from political relations between the peoples of Great Britain and their neighbors." The authors write objectively, as research experts, not as critics.

Chicago now instructs its police in the causes of race tensions, of minority frictions, and ways of handling—or preventing—violent results. *The Police and Minority Groups* is a manual prepared by sociologist Joseph Lohman, used by Police Chief Roger Shanahan in an intensive course for the personnel of the Chicago Park District (135 parks, with beaches, pools, and playfields)—that being where incidents are most likely to arise. Officers learn where and why minorities are localized, grounds of their frustration and re-

sentment, facts about race and prejudice and, best of all, the enlightened attitude they should take in dealing with unreason in single persons and chain reactions in a

mob. (Not for public distribution, this manual is published by the Chicago Park District, 425 East Fourteenth Blvd., to which inquiries may be addressed.)

WE ARE IN TROUBLE

"We are in trouble—you and I"—says Robert Wood Johnson in the first line of his book with the half-submerged title: (people must live—and work together—) *Or Forfeit Freedom* (Doubleday. \$2.50). Some of us know the ground-source of the trouble as well as the fact of it. But since others, including those in a position to worsen it, neither know nor seemingly want to know what got us into the state of confusion and conflict we all deplore, it is an excellent idea to tell it in language no one can fail to understand. Just this the book does: nails it as economic anachronism—the practice of running business by rules that may have worked in an age of scarcity but spell ruin now that it is over, and when power to produce all we need is a basic and undisputed fact. More, the book tells point by point the measures that must be adopted to restore dignity to labor, gain co-operation from workers, free the producer from hampering restrictions, and stop the trend toward ideologies that can only end in a forfeit of freedom. Himself a business executive, Mr. Johnson in his own plants uses the measures he commends.

Liberal leaders and union executives discuss these same problems in *Labor's Relation to Church and Community*, a symposium edited by Liston Pope (Harper. \$2.50). They stress the need to build up right relations now; agree that provision must be made for better living conditions and the dignity of labor restored. Unions are credited with most of

the progress, so far, in that direction, and the tendency to center on wage wars alone is deplored by labor spokesmen. An enlightened public is the immediate goal.

Sixty-two top-ranking experts come to grips with the world problem in another symposium, *Conflicts of Power in Modern Culture*, edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, and R. M. MacIver (Harper. \$6.50), of the Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion. Founders and members of the Conference point out that some regard such discussion as futile and warn the conferees, "You have no time for deliberation. There must be action." Yes, but what action? The lead paper, by a political scientist, finds our most favored programs for action forms of escapism. A Yale physicist charges that conditions foreign to the basic attitudes of Western life inaugurate the breakdown of our culture; must be understood if we are to avoid disaster. Despite clashes of opinion within the framework of the Conference, we find common concern for a real crisis in human affairs on the part of all members—Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, army men, economists, scientists, liberals from both Americas.

Lee Fryer, born a farmer, now an agricultural expert, writes in *The American Farmer* (Harper. \$3) of a crisis in rural life. While grain prices bring prosperity to a few, the small farmer can with difficulty survive. His is a losing fight against corporate or absentee ownership of the

best land. If a vital, prosperous family life on the farms means anything to the country, something must be done. Fryer outlines his plan in a charter for reconstruction of rural life in the United States which is socially and economically sound.

As You Sow, by Walter Goldschmidt (Harcourt, Brace. \$4), confirms Fryer's view that the farm home as we have known it is fading from the American scene, displaced by industrialized agriculture and heavy investment, and the farmer (in effect) has become a factory hand. Result: rural communities are urbanized. This study is a case history of three such large-scale farm-towns in California: Wasco, Arvin, and Dinuba, and furnishes a complete report on all aspects

of the life, social and economic—including segregation of Negroes, of Mexicans, of dust-bowl migrants—resulting from the change.

In the 800 pages of *America's Needs and Resources*, by J. Frederic Dewhurst and Associates (Twentieth Century Fund. \$5) we find an exhaustive report on all that the United States produces, with estimates in precise figures of what is needed—for food and housing, for health and recreation, etc. The study provides goals for productive attainment in basic lines; but, so enormous was the labor of mapping the entire national economy, the members of the survey did not attempt to formulate policies based on the research.

MORE OR LESS REGIONAL

Since population in the U.S. is now largely urban, great cities simulate regions, and the very popular series reporting them become regional studies. *Cities of America*, by George Sessions Perry (Whittlesey House. \$3.50), is an amiable and tolerant picture of twenty-two of them done in pat, pungent phrasing.

Our Fair City, edited by Robert S. Allen (Vanguard. \$3.50), is written from a different angle by top-flight writers from each of the featured cities, with intent to break down an easy tolerance on the part of residents toward corruption and misrule. The result is the frankest exposure of graft and mismanagement that has appeared since Lincoln Steffens wrote *Shame of the Cities* in 1904, and shows small progress since.

John Gunther's *Inside U.S.A.* (Harper. \$5), most ambitious of the famous "Inside" series, takes us state by state, and reports us as people—persons with indi-

vidual views—on key questions such as "What power controls your region?" or "What do you believe in most?" Different, often contradictory answers "add up," in the author's opinion, "to democracy—not one power but many phenomena." But as groups, people make trends: the Scandinavian immigrant influx into North Dakota made that state "almost as socialized as Sweden," while Kansas, "a child of Plymouth Rock" is conservative. Absorption of millions of immigrants he rates as the greatest achievement of the Midwest, and of the U.S.A. as a whole.

California in Our Time, by Robert Glass Cleland (Knopf. \$4), neither displaces nor ignores Carey McWilliams' recent work but quotes it with effect, as also the many other sources used to build up a comprehensive picture of the political, social, and economic development of the state since 1900. He notes an in-

THE BOOKSHELF

dustrial expansion never surpassed, and ideological experiments useful as guides, for or against further trial.

Walter Johnson's *William Allen White's America* (Holt. \$5) may be read as an inside view of America's fight for decency and good government between 1895 and the close of editor White's career in 1944. Intimate and adviser of presidents, spokesman for the grass roots, insurgent from his party, White epitomized the conscience of the Midwest.

The Great Northwest, by Oscar Osburn Winther (Knopf. \$4.50), shows that region in the throes of a struggle to build out of nothing but a wilderness and the energies of the settlers a stable civilization such as they had known. Finding themselves with no government (ours held off because of British claims, and to avoid war), they framed a constitution, complete with Bill of Rights, in 1843. Literate Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes brought independent spirit and democratic convictions to the aid of the government so formed. The book covers trade, farming, industry, politics, and social trends up to the present time.

Besides energy and conscience, early Americans brought to their new life something more: imagination, touched with humor. Three new books feature this. Ben C. Clough's *The American Imagination at Work* (Knopf. \$6) combs three centuries for proof that even the Puritans had a flair for story-lore, and that there have been tall tales, legends, folk tales,

and lively humor from Cotton Mather down to Joel Chandler Harris, whose mantle, Mr. Clough asserts, has fallen on Zora Neale Hurston today. For his anthology, *Native American Humor* (Harper. \$3.75), James R. Aswell's choice rounds up the best pieces from the 1770s to 1890, when he sees a falling off, a result of Victorian propriety and of censorship by the Boston elite. He succeeds in reclaiming for younger America a heritage of laughter of which they have been robbed. Some items of antique vintage are excruciatingly funny. Harold W. Felton's collection of the *Legends of Paul Bunyan* (Knopf. \$5) reveals a folklore created by bookless men in the logging camps. They wove into these tales the spirit of the big thing they were doing. The job of clearing those vast woods seemed superhuman; hence Paul Bunyan, superman, symbol of America's giant undertaking.

I Remember Distinctly, by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper. \$5), recalls in comment and pictures—500 of them—what we were and did from 1920 to 1941 as a people. Here are the new cars, fashions, stunts, sports, speed-records, strikes, panics, novels, plays, movies, and political maneuvers we indulged in, with the final tail spin into World War II. The search by Agnes Rogers through dusty files and archives for this picture hoard must have been exhausting; but the result is vivid and sparkling.

FICTION STORMS BARRIERS

Claud Gamber's *Wetback* (Coward-McCann. \$2.75) is Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp with the difference that the genie is

the spark of his chief character's own genius and the lamp a native intelligence rubbed first by the good Catholic Father

in Old Mexico and then by new contacts across the border. Mexican Dionisio Molina, coming to the U.S. as a "wet-back" (alien of illegal entry), faced frightful odds. Cheated, robbed, deported, he rubbed the lamp and came back. From his Tarascan Indian mother and his gringo father, he had what it takes. Bastard, they called him, who drove him from home. Hybrid, said Father Arturo, is the better word. That helped. As goat-herd, improving the scrub stock of his employer, he becomes Jacob, winning a foundation for his future despite the wiles of a greedy Laban. From there on, the story is straight American. Garner, long a fruit-grower in the Southwest, hewed the book out of hard facts gathered from men who trusted him, confirmed them by trips to Old Mexico, and built them into a marvelously good tale.

The Gentle Bush, by Barbara Giles (Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50), is one of three new novels of youth in revolt against tradition: not the true thing that men may live by, but the false and dying thing that can kill the living even as it dies. At the turn of the century we find the third generation of an old French planter clan striving to buttress their edifice of wealth and social status, already in decay. Only the fourth generation—and not all of these—know it for a sham and a hateful thing. Deftly the author shows the dawn of that awareness in a boy and girl. Their innocent urge to grasp a real value instead of a dead one is the "Gentle Bush" that will find crevices, root deep, grow, and break the rocklike citadel of family. Cajuns and Negroes figure largely in the leisured tempo of a colorful novel.

Allen Robert Taft's *American Story* (Arco. \$2.75) is about youth of a later date and Brooklyn background, whose lives are maimed by a thing called religion—often a blend of racism and

bigotry. Families are wrecked by it. Karl Eckert (Lutheran father, Jewish mother) sees his home life destroyed, and ends himself in tragedy. Dennis Malone, his loyal friend, cannot help him. David Levinson's romance breaks on the reef of prejudice. Youth in revolt against three forms of social obsession makes an "American Story."

Most arresting of this triad on youth in revolt is Kathleen Crawford's *Straw Fire* (Morrow. \$2.75), timed for today, written out of experience burned in, and convictions incandescent. The white social elite of a Virginia town has a vested interest in prejudice. Religion, property, social status, and family are co-partners in the investment. Behind triple barriers church and society defend their white citadel, veiling their un-Christian ends by smooth words and specious attitudes. This veil the author penetrates. In family scenes, in drawing rooms and elsewhere, she lets them mouth their platitudes, never blurs a line of the X-ray print she makes of the sorry figure beneath the false front and the drape of piety. Paul Revkin, a musician and a Jew, on whom the heat is turned when he attracts the heroine, is more than a foil—a superb characterization. For his sake she—and a handful of like mind—defy the citadel. *Straw Fire*, with fine spirit and flawless execution, is the work of an ex-Wave born and bred in the Valley of Virginia, and age twenty-six at the time of writing.

Kansas-City-born Will Thomas, who writes *God Is for White Folks* (Creative Age. \$3), had, besides college, work as cotton picker, lumberjack, sailor, and newspaperman as background for his writing. He centers here on the problem of passing for white in the South, does a clean job on the mania, the lie, and self-deception that are at the root of the trouble. His powerfully written and well-

knit story shelters a fine romance, ends with evil and good in a precarious balance.

Lonely Crusade, by Chester Himes (Knopf. \$3), follows the fortunes of a Negro newly elected as a union organizer, proud to work with white labor leaders, but baffled by a job he does not understand, by his ignorance of the Negro workers who are mostly aimless and disunited, and by confusing and disrupting Communist influence and infiltration. His worst handicap is fear, coupled with emotional instability and failure to put into word and act his best impulses.

Resolution comes at the end in one rash, unreasoned act of courage.

Hope Haven, by Dirk Gringhuis (Eerdmans. \$2) is in the juvenile bracket, but some grownups may not want to miss a freshness and charm sadly lacking in adult fiction these days. Folk in rural Holland were near starvation in 1846, year of the potato famine. But there was America. Letters from kin there brought word of unimagined plenty in Michigan. They embarked with Van Raalte's colony. This is the story; with admirable illustrations in color by the author.

GAINS AND GOALS FOR FREEDOM

John Hope Franklin's *From Slavery to Freedom* (Knopf. \$5) wins real enthusiasm. A Harvard-trained historian presents the history of the Negro from pre-Columbian times (with glimpses into prehistory and the stone age) to our day. Writing with competent ease, he puts a spell on the reader; unfolds an African background with Negro kingdoms that fell under the Mohammedan invasion that overwhelmed half of Europe; of Arab slavers looting the people of these wrecked kingdoms; of Portuguese, French, and English mariners hastening to get into the "Big Business of Trading in Men." He reveals the animus of this four-century orgy and its rise in a perversion of the Renaissance drive for freedom (made to mean liberty to destroy freedom) and the rationalizations by which the crime was condoned in all lands but paid for in the United States in white American blood. Inspiring chapters in the latter part of the book tell of a Negro Renaissance that has spread from its start in Harlem to the farthest bounds of the

United States, releasing everywhere the spirit of the arts—in drama, verse, music, fiction, painting—proving the rich heritage and genius of the race in every field. The book closes with a survey of the trend in politics, with the Negro voter scanning critically the performance of each party for signs that its actions tally with its professed creeds.

The Walls Came Tumbling Down—story of the NAACP by Mary White Ovington, "Mother of the New Emancipation" (Harcourt, Brace. \$3)—is also her own story. It was Mary White Ovington's persuasion that led to the issue of *The Call*, by New York liberal spokesmen, in 1909, resulting in the formation a year later of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and its growth into a powerful and effective organization. The vicissitudes and triumphs of this gallant fight for democratic principle appear here in graphic detail, simply and movingly told.

Another aspect of the Negro spirit is valued in Harry V. Richardson's *Dark*

COMMON GROUND

Glory (Friendship Press. \$2). Sometimes disparaged because of its emotionalism, the faults of the Negro rural church, field of Dr. Richardson's study, stem from ignorance and want of training among ministers, and from the poverty of communities that maintain them; a plight pastors have not known how to amend. As director of a southwide program for the training of a Negro rural ministry, he points the way. Himself one who has made the Tuskegee Chapel an outstanding pulpit of the South, he pays high tribute to the religious spirit of the Negro shown all through its historical ordeal in slave years.

Publication of *Negro Business and Business Education*, by Joseph A. Pierce (Harper. \$4), spearheads a project launched by Atlanta University, aided by

the Urban League and the General Education Board, of establishing a Graduate School of Business Administration for Negroes and acquainting the public with the plans; includes a close analysis of business as conducted today, the scope of Negro activities and their handicaps, also an account of aims and courses in business education in Negro colleges, currently and as they are now being planned.

Neil Scott's picture story of Joe Louis (Greenberg. \$2. Paper \$1) registers a democratic gain through sportsmanship. The career of this fair fighter who won and holds world championship in his field is a challenge to racism. The story of his great fight with the Nazi "superman" is an American saga, and his record in the war years and after, a credit to the nation.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

OF COMMON GROUND, published quarterly at New York 18, New York, for October 1, 1947.
State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. Margaret Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of Common Ground and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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M. MARGARET ANDERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1947.

[Seal.]

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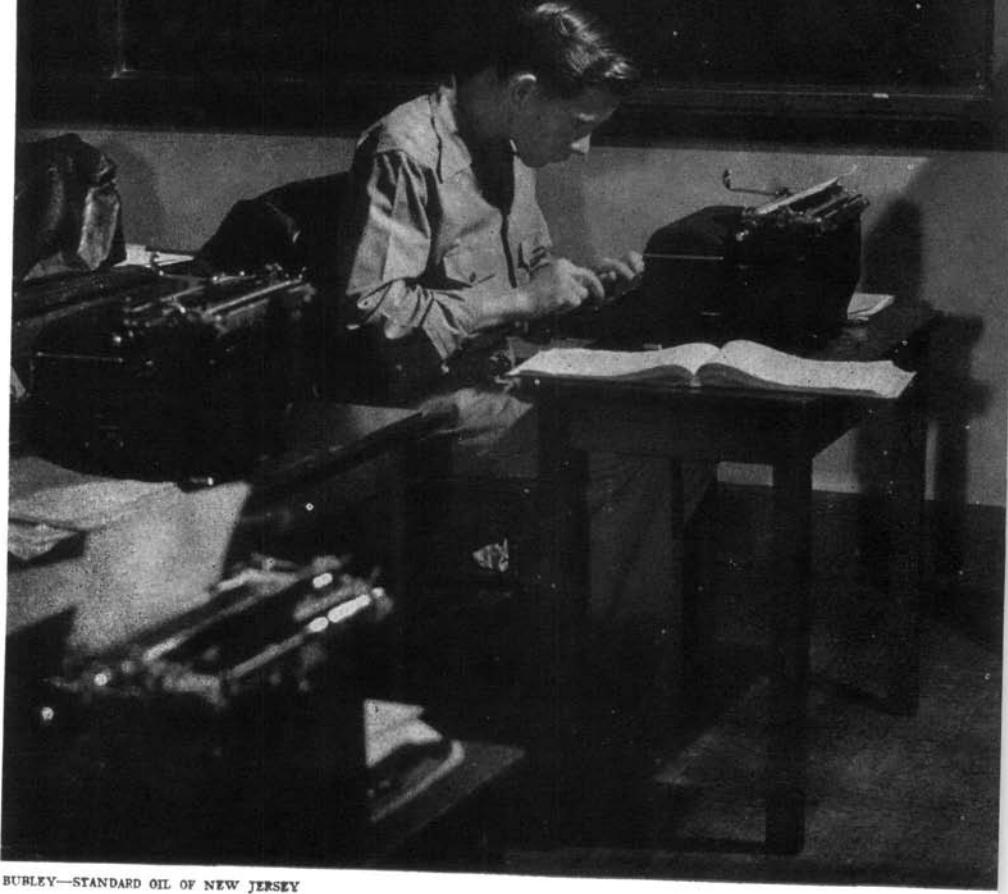
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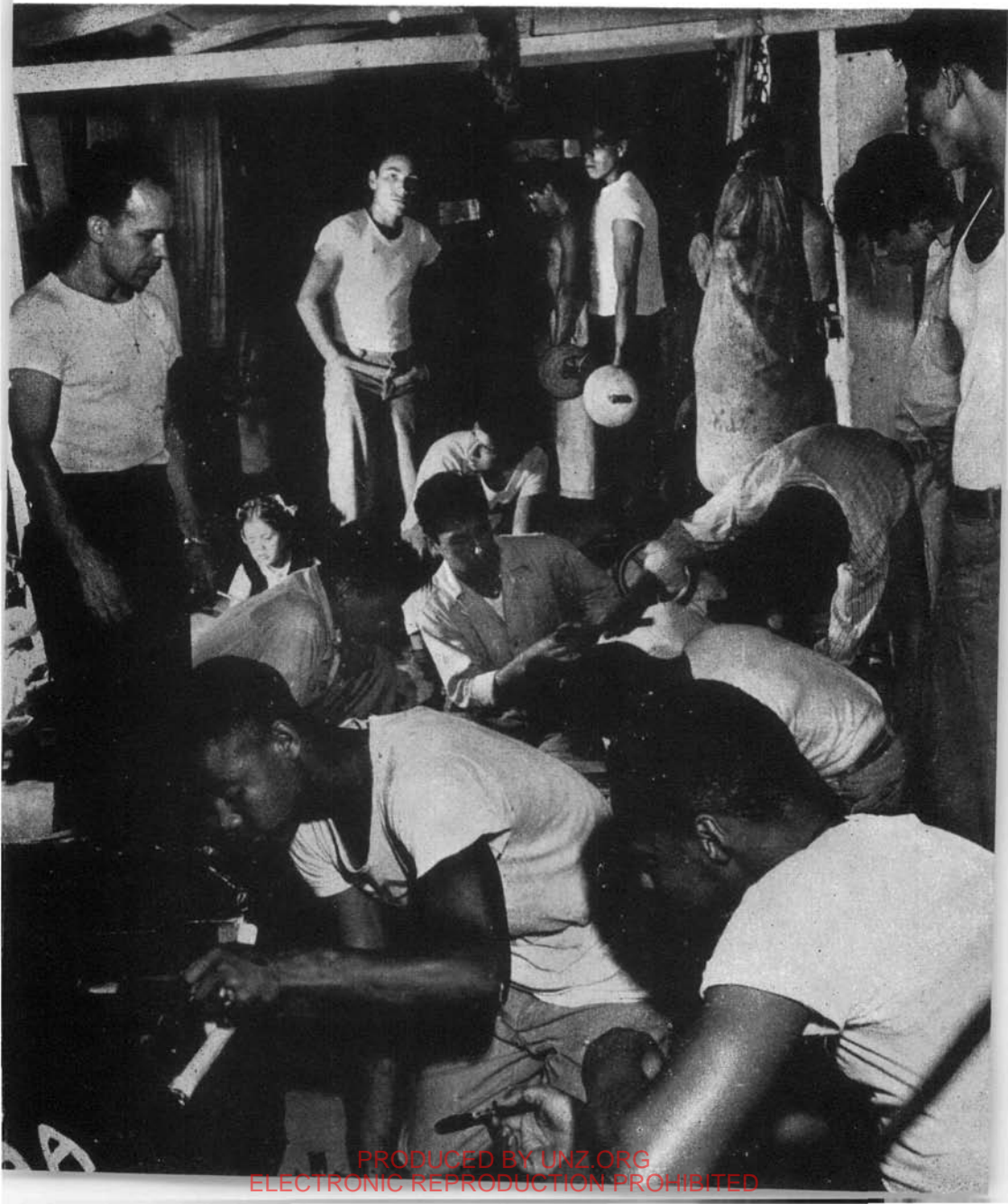


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dresser, where I can see it
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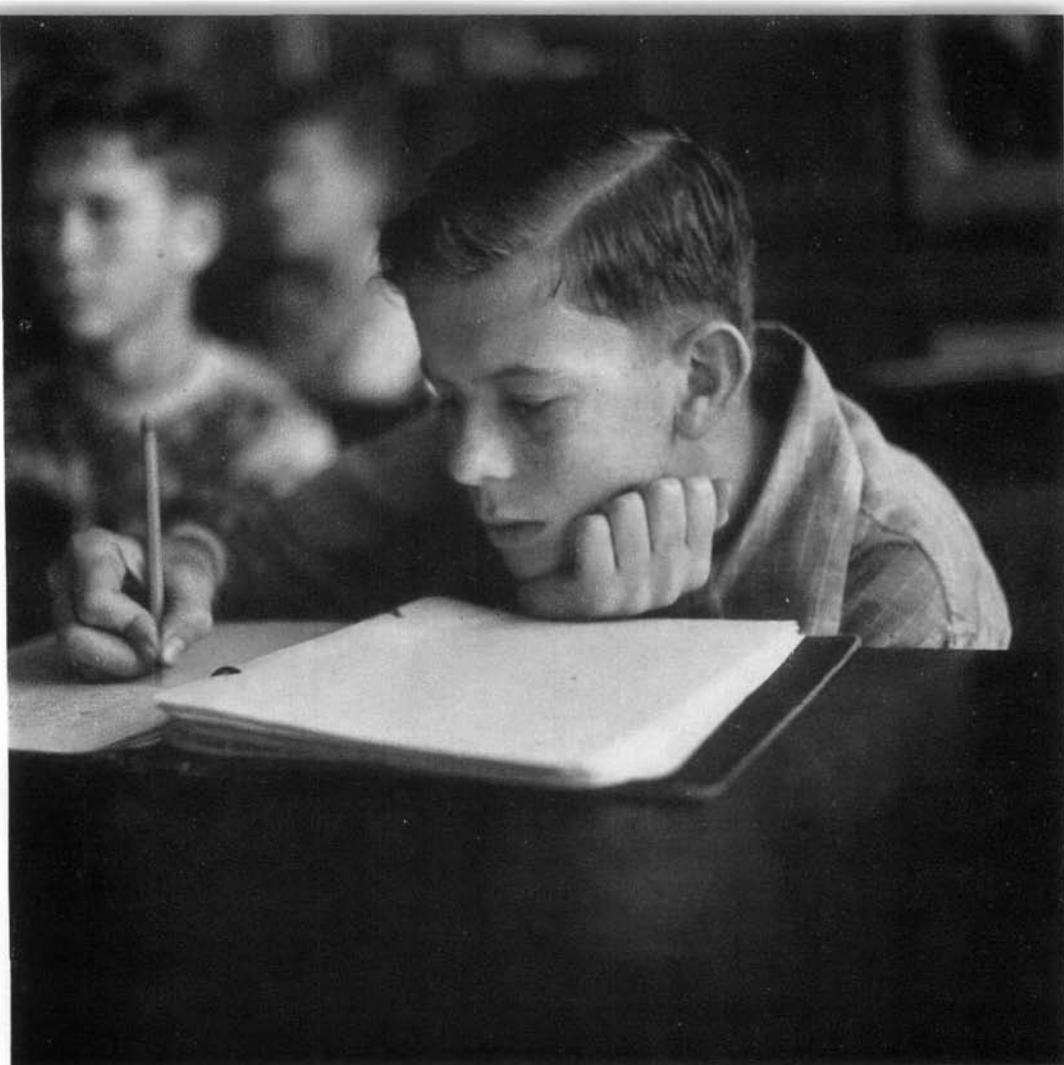


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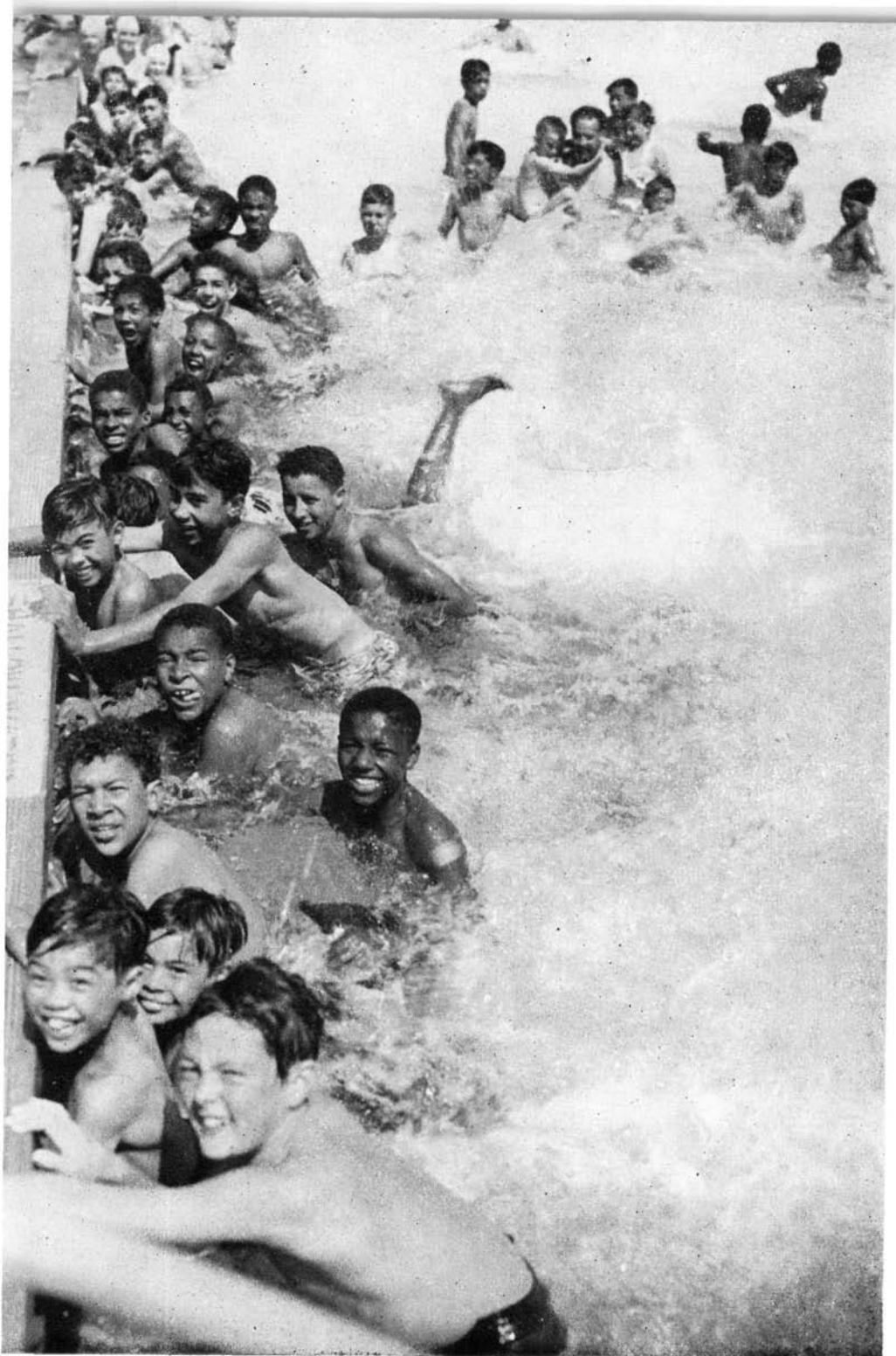


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